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Present-Day American Poetry

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If you ask the average intelligent person his opinion of the status of present-day American poetry, you will probably be told one of two things: either that our generation boasts of no first-rate American poet; or that we have excellent poets, but that this is peculiarly an age of prose, and that therefore these poets are unappreciated. The erroneousness of both of these opinions it shall be my purpose to show in this article. In other words, I shall endeavor to establish the thesis that in this twentieth century we Americans are blessed with our quota of noteworthy singers, and that if we are not all devotees of the muse, we have at least as much regard for her as the people of most bygone ages have had.

"This is an age of prose!" wail the unhonored poets. And they point to the fact that second and third and fourth rate novels sell much better than the best poetry written; that the average magazine nowadays uses verses only to fill in blank spaces at the bottoms of pages; and that to the professional joke-writer the word "poet" has about as high a connotation as the word "tramp" or the word "lunatic." But these pessimists forget that every age of modern history has been "an age of prose"; that few of the great poems of the past have been best-sellers; that in the two most poetic periods which English literature has seen, Sir Philip Sidney and Percy Bysshe Shelley, respectively, felt called upon to defend the divine art of poesy against public contumely; and that Shelley and Keats suffered as much ridicule as any two men who ever wrote rimes.

Yes, perhaps this is an age of prose. Doubtless many of us find golden dollars more alluring than golden daffodils, and commerce more attractive than art. But the person who is continually emphasizing this fact forgets that from time immemorial

the people of western Europe, especially the Anglo-Saxons, have been a race of traders and will undoubtedly continue to be so to the end of their racial existence. He also forgets that if this is an age which loves material gain it is also an age of child-labor laws, sanitary commissions, social settlements, societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and dumb animals, well-organized municipal charities, and various other humanitarian activities. Well, then, if it is idealism which makes for appreciation of the fine arts, surely we possess as high an idealism as did the Elizabethans, who used to flog women, hang petty thieves, and take keen delight in the torture of dumb brutes. Materialistic we twentieth-century Americans may be; but in this respect we are not so different from our ancestors as we sometimes imagine ourselves. Like our progenitors, we trade and traffic a great deal; but, like them also, we enjoy some of the finer things of life too. If anything ails us at all, it is self-consciousness. Like the little girl who felt herself grown too big to play with dolls but surreptitiously fondled dolly in a secluded corner, we scoff at poetry in public and enjoy it in secret. Our emotions are more guarded, of course, in the theatre than in our private libraries.

We like poetry, even contemporary poetry; but we are not willing to admit it. Instead of lauding our present-day bards, we assume an unbending attitude and declare that we hunger for really great poetry, but protest that the verses of our living writers are so puerile, so trivial that we cannot condescend to notice them.

And at this juncture it devolves upon me to point out the falsity of the assertion that present-day American poetry is lacking in merit. That, as is often stated, the United States today boasts no poet comparable to Alfred Noyes or William Watson is doubtless true. But what of it? Fifty years ago it might have been stated with equal truth that no poet on this side of the Atlantic was nearly so great as Tennyson or Browning. Surely the fact that contemporary American poetry is inferior to contemporary British poetry does not prove that our poetry is now in a state of decline. At most it proves merely that we have not yet outgrown our youngness and crudeness—have not yet become as cultivated as our mother nation.

"But," insist the pessimists, "what names has the past twenty

years brought forth, worthy of mention in the same breath with the names of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Whitman, Lowell, and Lanier?" In this connection, permit me to suggest that history has not yet had time to fix the ultimate standing of such names as Stedman, Aldrich, Stoddard, Gilder, Hovey, and Moody; and allow me to invite your fair, respectful consideration of the work of such living writers as Madison Cawein, Edith M. Thomas, Henry Van Dyke, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Percy Mackaye.

Without attempting to fix the status of the chief living American poets as compared with their predecessors, I shall call attention to the well known and freely admitted fact that from a technical standpoint the minor American poetry of today is much better than that of a generation or two ago. Whittier once remarked that if he were to venture south of Mason and Dixon's line, he would be hanged for his bad rimes. He might have added, had he been a good prognosticator, that some of his most characteristic verses were so badly written that they would hardly find acceptance in any reputable twentieth-century magazine.

But what of the charges most frequently made against contemporary American poetry?

One charge is that our poetry is totally lacking in originality, both of form and of subject matter. Our poets, it seems, sing of love, of ethics, of nature, of great public events and crises, just as poets were wont to sing long before there was an American nation. Moreover, instead of inventing new verse-forms, our latter-day bards cling to such old forms as blank verse, the sonnet, the quatrain, and so on. Well and good, granting that all this is so, is this necessarily a point against our current poetry? Does the fact that in the remote past such poets as Homer and Sappho and Theocritus discovered the true poetic subjects prove that modern poets, in order to be as great as they, must invent new subjects? Would it be fair to say that just because Petrarch wrote sonnets nearly three hundred years before Milton was born, the sonnets of Milton are therefore inferior to those of the Italian poet? Does the fact that Walt Whitman is by far the most strikingly original poet that America has yet produced necessarily prove that he is the greatest of our bards? Verily, emulation may be as true a virtue as originality; but were it not, we could easily

give the lie to the allegation that present-day American poetry is totally lacking in originality. To do this, we have only to call attention to a few such titles as the following, selected at random from the leading magazines of the past six years: "From A Sky-scraper," "On A Subway Express," "Pittsburgh," "The Song of the Wireless Telegraph," "The Power-plant," "Airships."

A second charge brought against contemporary American poetry is that our bards are mere pleasing rimesters or dainty word-painters, who play us delectable little tunes or paint us pretty pictures, but have no sterner stuff, no philosophy, to offer us. In answer to this charge, let me quote Edith M. Thomas's sonnet, "Music", assuredly an exquisite picture, but quite as assuredly a pregnant bit of philosophy to all who realize the charm of nature and of harmony:

The god of music dwelleth out of doors,
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet:
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours
A solemn harmony; on leafy floors
To smooth autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on nereid shores:
The god of music dwelleth out of doors.

In the same connection let me cite Louis Untermeyer's "Voices", a piece which appeared in a recent number of *Hampton's*:

All day with anxious heart and wondering ear
I listened to the city; heard the ground
Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours in their wild career
Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
With babel-voices, each one more profound
All day it surged—but nothing could I hear:

That night the country never seemed so still:
The trees and grasses spoke without a word
To stars that brushed them with their silver wings.

Together with the moon I climbed the hill
And in the very heart of Silence heard
The speech and music of immortal things.

The erroneous idea that present-day American poetry is devoid of vigorous philosophy probably arises from the fact that our poets no longer moralize after the manner of Whittier or Longfellow—that is, they have long ago ceased to spoil good descriptions or narratives by writing postscripts in the form of one-stanza homilies.

Another arraignment made against our contemporary verse is that it is singularly lacking in quotable lines or passages. This arraignment is probably fair, except as applied to Dr. Van Dyke's verses; but far from proving our twentieth-century poetry to be weak, it proves rather, I should say, that our verse is becoming so exquisitely unified that to take from a poem any integral part of it is to destroy the whole fabric. The two sonnets which I have just quoted will serve as illustrations of this point.

Still another stricture which the captious frequently make upon our latter-day poetry is that no really noteworthy poems have been written for more than a generation. Let me remind those who make this complaint that Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe", William Vaughn Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation", and Robert H. Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth" are all products of the past twelve years.

A final objection made to current American verse is that our chief poets are producing nothing but short lyrics. At first glance, this appears to be a truly valid objection. We are still waiting for the great American epic, and there is no indication that we shall not continue to wait for a long time. None of our younger poets seem inclined to attempt any work of like proportions to Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Drake, An English Epic"; and it must be admitted that the foremost of our older living singers, Dr. Van Dyke, Miss Thomas, and Mr. Cawein, are lyrists, and lyrists exclusively. But here is a very important fact that we must not lose sight of: two of our younger bards, Josephine Preston Peabody and Percy Mackaye, have within the past decade brought out some poetic plays of surpassing excellence. Hauptmann in Germany, D'Annunzio in Italy, Rostand in France, and Stephen Phillips in England have given the literary world

nothing finer in a dramatic way than Mr. Mackaye's "Sappho and Phaon", "Fenris the Wolf", "Jeanne D'Arc", and "The Scarecrow"; and Mrs. (Peabody) Marks's "Marlowe" and "The Piper".

But turning from a negative to a positive consideration of our subject, what, specifically, are some of the praiseworthy qualities in present-day American poetry? First of all, let me call attention to the generally conceded fact that our later poets have attained to a perfection of form unknown in the days of Longfellow and Lowell, and only approached, not equalled, by such transition poets as Stedman, Lanier, and Aldrich. As examples of exquisite craftsmanship, note these two stanzas from Cawein's "Serenade":

The pink rose drops its petals on
The moonlit lawn, the moonlit lawn;
The moon, like some wild rose of white,
Drops down the summer night.
No rose there is
As sweet as this—
Thy mouth, that greets me with a kiss.

The lattice of thy casement twines
With jasmine vines, with jasmine vines;
The stars, like jasmine blossoms, lie
About the glimmering sky.
No jasmine tress
Can so caress
As thy white arms' soft loveliness.

Here we have an intricacy of arrangement, a subtleness of melody, an exquisiteness of euphony, and an accuracy of meter which remind us forcibly of Lanier; but Mr. Cawein's poem is totally free from that straining of diction, that artificiality, that feeling for rimes, which mars some of Lanier's most characteristic work.

Closely akin to this perfection of form is the striking, superlative beauty which some of our recent poems possess. As illustration of this, I shall quote another Cawein passage, this one from "Vagabonds":

Your heart's a-tune with April and mine a-tune with June,
So let us go a-roving beneath the summer moon:
Oh, was it in the sunlight, or was it in the rain,

We met among the blossoms within the locust lane?
 All that I can remember 's the bird that sang aboon,
 And with its music in our hearts we'll rove beneath the moon.

It will not be forever, yet merry goes the tune
 While we still go a-roving beneath the summer moon:
 A cabin, in the clearing, of flickering firelight
 When old-time lanes we strolled in the winter snows make white:
 Where we can nod together above the logs and croon
 The songs we sang when roving beneath the summer moon.

For winsome, compelling tunefulness these lines may fittingly be mentioned in the same category with some of the most musical lines of Shelley, William Blake, and Swinburne.

Another noteworthy characteristic of present-day American poetry is the fulness, vividness, and accuracy with which it deals with nature. Note, in this connection, a couple of stanzas from Dr. Van Dyke's delightful little poem, "Spring in the South":

Blue-jays fluttering, yodeling and crying,
 Meadow-larks sailing low above the faded grass,
 Red-birds whistling clear, silent robins flying,—
 Who has waked the birds up? What has come to pass?

Now on the plum the snowy bloom is sifted,
 Now on the peach the glory of the rose,
 Over the hills a tender haze is drifted,
 Full to the brim the yellow river flows.
 Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,
 Greener than emeralds shining in the sun,
 Who has wrought the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen!
 The mocking-bird is singing. Spring has begun.

For vividness of imagery and variety of sensations, these lines can hardly be surpassed, even by Tennyson's best nature poetry or Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis".

Still another notable quality of our recent poetry is its effective conciseness. Brian Hooker* bewails the fact that nowadays our magazines are seldom willing to buy poems of more than thirty lines' length; but when we find a dramatic theme treated with the powerful terseness which characterizes Mr. Cawein's poem "Lynchers", we may well be grateful to the magazine editors for their policy of insistence on brevity. Here is the poem:

*Present American Poetry; *Forum*, August, 1909.

At the moon's down-going, let it be
 On the quarry hill with its one gnarled tree
 The red-rock road of the underbrush,
 Where the woman came through the summer hush.
 The sumach high, and the elder thick,
 Where we found the stone and the ragged stick.
 The trampled road of the thicket, full
 Of footprints down to the quarry pool.
 The rocks that ooze with the hue of lead,
 Where we found her lying stark and dead.
 The scraggy wood; the negro hut,
 With its doors and windows locked and shut.
 A secret signal; a foot's rough tramp;
 A knock at the door; a lifted lamp.
 An oath; a scuffle; a ring of masks;
 A voice that answers a voice that asks.
 A group of shadows; the moon's red fleck;
 A running noose and a man's bared neck.
 A word, a curse, and a shape that swings;
 The lonely night and a bat's black wings
 At the moon's down-going, let it be
 On the quarry hill with its one gnarled tree.

A final characteristic which I remark in the American poetry of our day is the realism and vividness with which contemporary subjects are treated. As social documents of their age, some of the most characteristic of twentieth-century American poems are scarcely surpassed in world literature. "Lynchers" illustrates this fact, and the fact is more broadly illustrated by James Oppenheim's "Saturday Night", three stanzas of which I quote herewith:

The lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared street;
 The long plate-glass of a Dream-World olden is as the footlights shining
 sweet.
 Street-lamp—flambeau—glamour of trolley—comet-trail of the trains
 above,
 Flash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing laughter and
 human love.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a lustre over the
 heart;
 The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows with the tints of
 Turner's art.
 Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a gloried race
 As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun glides face by face.

This drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in the golden stream,
Is a magic statue standing deathless—her tub and soap-suds touched with Dream.

Yea, in this people, glamour-sunnied, democracy wins heaven again;
Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights of Lover's Lane.

Why, then, all this hue and cry about the decline of American poetry? If the American muse really is in a state of decline, she is an amazingly robust, healthy invalid. As a matter of fact, our present-day poetry, instead of showing signs of decadency, is exceptionally good. More than that, there is every reason why it should be, and—despite Macaulay's dogmatic assertion that in an age of enlightenment there will be little poetry—no reason why it should not. If, as is often said, we are a people occupied with prosaic, materialistic pursuits, then so much the more reason why we should turn, for recreation, to an emotional art such as poetry. Furthermore, our bigness, our variedness, our cosmopolitanism, and our lessons from the past furnish us with a field of inspiration beside which even that of the Elizabethans was small indeed. And better still, like every healthy young nation which is ripening into maturity, we are growing in artistic consciousness, improving in aesthetic taste. Influential persons are showing a marked interest in poetry, as note the "Lyric Year" poetic prizes recently announced by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley; theatrical managers are displaying an increased willingness to produce worthy poetic plays from the pens of native writers; and best of all, decidedly promising new poets are appearing, the excellent work of some of our youngest bards, notably James Oppenheim, Ezra Pound, Louis Untermeyer, and John Hall Wheelock, attesting to this fact.

I have purposely avoided comparing any individual present-day poet or poets with Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Lowell, or any other bard who graced the "golden" period of American literature: not because I fear to meet the issue, nor because I dislike to lay myself open to the charge of heresy; but because the achievements of the present can be viewed with much more discernment and in much truer perspective thirty years from now than now. The old proverb about distance and enchantment is as true here as elsewhere. We have only to let the future sit in

judgment as to the relative merit of our contemporary poetry, and if we live to be grey-beards we shall doubtless see young critics unconsciously following tradition and solemnly trying to explain why the poetry of 1942 is not so great as that which 1912 produced.

Thomas Fuller and His "Worthies"

LAWRENCE C. WROTH

Human experience has never given hearty approval to the theory that conversation should be of things and not of people, for it has found that the practice of gossiping is a decidedly pleasant way of spending the hours of recreation, and that it is an unimproved agent for mental sanitation. He is generally a churl who rejoices not in the recital of personalities, in the exposition of those trivial characteristics of his neighbor which mark him an individual and seal his brotherhood with the rest of them that stand in the following of Adam.

One has said that it would be profitable to investigate the appearance in the same literary generation of Pepys, Aubrey, Evelyn, Howell, Anthony à Wood and Thomas Fuller, those masters of the art of gossiping. This would indeed be an opportunity for much curious speculation, perchance for a war waged by thesis and dissertation. The reason for the lasting popularity of this group of Restorationists, is, however, more easily determined, for it is precisely because these men are gossips that their works are read today by others than the antiquarian. It is because Fuller "rejected nothing as too mean for remembrance" that his books are warm with handling while the dusty volumes of more exact historians, better sermon writers, and more learned commentators remain untouched upon the upper shelves of a thousand libraries.

The Reverend Thomas Fuller, D. D., stock-father and very image of the perfect priest and Christian gentleman, was born in the year 1608 of an ecclesiastical family, in the rectory of a Northamptonshire village. The lad Fuller was so precocious in the acquirement of learning that he received his bachelor's degree from Cambridge in his sixteenth year, and in seven more years he had become Master of Arts, Fellow Commoner of Sidney Sussex College, and Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. After nearly a decade spent as rector of a Dorsetshire parish, he went in the year 1641 to London, where there awaited him a short but successful ministry as preacher of the historic Savoy Chapel. During the Civil War, as became a good Churchman, he adhered to the cause of the King, losing his lectureship in London and his prebendal stall by his

loyalty. In the later years of the Commonwealth, he was allowed to accept other livings, and after the Restoration he returned to the enjoyment of his former offices. He died in 1661, being at the time busy with the printing of his last and best book, the *History of the Worthies of England*.

Thomas Fuller was one of the chief representatives of the low church party in those days of acute strife in matters of churchmanship. In convocation he set himself in opposition to Archbishop Laud, and throughout his life he was the apostle of moderation in the secular affairs of the Church. It was not only in matters of ecclesiastical statesmanship that he was prominent, for during his ministry at the Savoy, he was said to be the most eloquent preacher in London, a statement which we can readily believe in spite of the circumstance that Mr. Pepys thought one of his discourses "a poor dry sermon". Fortunately for Fuller's reputation, however, the world places small reliance in matters of this sort upon the judgment of the man who wrote that the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was "the most insipid ridiculous play" he had ever seen.

Fuller's *Church History of Britain* is the expression of his churchmanship. Passionate in its support of the principles of the Protestant Reformation, it has left its impress on the thought of the English Church. It was moreover the first history of the Church of England in which there had been made any attempt at original research, the author describing himself as procuring manuscript materials for its composition "by riding, writing, going, sending, chiding, begging, praying and sometimes paying too". Its publication drew upon him a savage attack from Peter Heylin, the friend and biographer of Laud, but in his reply, the *Appeal of Injured Innocence*, Fuller clears his name of most of his critic's intemperate accusations, showing himself to be at the same time the governor of his spirit and a master of the language and tactics of controversy.

These are the blazed places in the life of one who died when his value to church and state was about to be recognized by advancement to a bishopric. He won a considerable share of contemporary renown, much abuse from political and theological adversaries and very little of the gear of this world, but he left behind him books which led Coleridge with the perspective of nearly two

hundred years to the pronouncement that "Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men". The full story of his active, sometimes dramatic, life may be read in any one of the several good biographies which have been written of him.

By his own confession, Fuller was the greatest offender of his time in adding to what he calls the "numerosity of needless books", but all of his thirty or more separate publications partake of the excellencies of style and matter which have made a few of them great. As he would have phrased it, the majority of them are less considered only because their subjects are less considerable. The principal ones of his writings are the *Church History of Britain*, the *History of the Worthies of England*, the *Holy and Profane State*, *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, the *History of the Holy War*, a *Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, *Abel Redeivus* and the *Appeal of Injured Innocence*. The ecclesiastic says that of these the "Church History" is the greatest, and because it is made great and enjoyable by the same qualities that "entertain the reader with delight" in the "Worthies", I for one shall not quarrel with the point of view that gives a second place to the secular history.

Next to his mother, the Church, Thomas Fuller acknowledged allegiance to the King, and at the beginning of the Civil War so vigorous were his utterances on matters political that London became uncomfortable for him, and the royal camp at Oxford was enriched by one more whose conscience would allow no compromise between duty and interest. This recruit showed by enlisting as chaplain to the forces under Lord Hopton that his was more than pen-loyalty and lip-service. It is to the years of service that followed in the royal army that the world owes his book on the "Worthies of England".

During the course of several long campaigns within a small area, an army covers the ground thoroughly, and its various detachments find themselves in many places that lie far from the coach road. Where went Lord Hopton's force, there followed its chaplain, who, note book in hand, kept eye and ear alert for any indication of a curious fact, a significant date, or an interesting name or event which might appropriately find a place in the pages of his "darling project", the history of the worthies of England.

His contemporary biographer says that he made a sort of

errantry of his search for those elusive fragments of information which are the soulfood of the antiquarian, hastening from manor-house to churchyard or vestry room, interviewing parish clerks, sextons or any aged persons who would be likely to know new things about old persons and places, enduring good-naturedly the garrulity of grave diggers, and the peevishness of those church officers who demurred at bringing forth the parish records, a task which is notoriously distasteful to the keepers of these treasures of past events and long forgotten names and dates. It was in this way, by every physical and mental exertion and by the exercise of rare tact and kindliness that the material for his book was brought together. As the national drama which was to end in front of Whitehall Palace drew towards its close, he had his unwieldy collection of facts systematized and the writing of his narrative well begun.

Upon the execution of Charles, however, we find him brought to a stand. "What shall I write", he asked sadly, "of the worthies of England, when this horrid act will bring such infamy upon the whole nation, as will ever cloud and darken all its former, and suppress all its future, rising glories"? Before a year had gone, however, he was once more busy upon the correlation of his notes and references, and this time there was to be no interruption until that day twelve years later when, although physically ill, he insisted upon preaching, saying that often he had gone up into the pulpit sick in body, but had come down through God's grace a well man. But this time God's grace exerted itself in another fashion, and the good man Fuller was taken to his fathers, good men too.

The History of the Worthies of England, endeavored by Thomas Fuller, D. D., published in 1662, had, we learn, five reasons for being. "Know then", its author writes, "I propound five ends to myself in this Book; first, to gain some glory to God; secondly, to preserve the memories of the dead; thirdly, to present examples to the living; fourthly, to entertain the reader with delight; and lastly (which I am not ashamed publicly to profess), to procure some honest profit to myself." The honest profit went to that "hopeful plant at Cambridge", his son, who upon Fuller's death was under the necessity of seeing the work through the press, but the other proposals of the author were made good to the letter.

Generally it happens, with small loss to the reader, that the introduction of a book receives curt attention, but should anyone neglect this part of the "Worthies" he would be leaving out the sauce from his pudding, for since the beginning of books there has been no piece of writing indicative to a greater degree of a wise judgment, a well stored memory, a kind heart, and a surpassing literary skill than the chapters which Thomas Fuller prefixed to his great work. From this generalization, I do not except even "Democritus to the Reader", and for my heresy I cry forgiveness of the lovers of Master Burton's excellent "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Fuller's introduction acquaints the reader with the "design of the ensuing work" and it contrives in some way to make known to him that honest, quizzical gentleman, its author. By an unusual gift of ingratiation, Fuller attracts to himself from the outset the sympathy of the reader, and that gained, affection for him is a sure consequence. He declares the plan of the "Worthies" to be a consideration of each of the counties of England with the view of setting forth all that could be learned of its commodities, manufactures, buildings, wonders, proverbs, physical characteristics and memorable persons, a task much like that which the writer of a guide book sets himself. The difference is that Fuller is a great writer who enlivens a workaday subject by genial humor, and adds color to its grayness by the play of his fancy. One reading between the lines of the introduction sees that the writer assumes with zest the character of showman of legendary castles, monasteries and churches, and that it is pleasant to him to be the herald of princes, popes, cardinals, great political lords, high sheriffs, judges, writers, philanthropists, soldiers, seamen and holders of a variety of offices and practisers of a score of arts and crafts.

One of the chief sources for the writer on English history and antiquities is this inspired guide book of the England of Charles the Second. It is more, however, than a mine of information for the hungry writer of history, for because there shines through its pages the spirit of a rare nature, it is one of the most intimately beloved of the works of English writers. Anthony á Wood collected with unceasing diligence and collated with notable erudition that vast store of biographical and antiquarian data which

makes him even today the first and last resource of the student of English history, but through the centuries he has come to us on all men's tongues as "dull Anthony á Wood", and by no use of rhetoric on the part of his admirers can he be made to appear undeserving of the adjective. He lacked the "incommunicable grace" of thought and expression which has made Fuller's book one of superlative richness for any reader who has an eye for color, an ear for delicate and ingenious phrasing, sympathy for the whimsical and the trivial in the lives of men and appreciation of their praiseworthy deeds and their greatness.

A great critic has said that one in three of Fuller's sentences deserves to be quoted as a maxim. This was only an emphatic way of saying that of all English writing, none is richer than his in the expression of ideas by means of epigram, simile, metaphor, antithesis or alliteration. I shall cite two or three sentences here to show as well as may be done his dexterity as a phrase maker, and when I say that passages equally noteworthy in this respect occur on every page of his books, I do not overstate his skill in the art of expression.

I remember Fuller's chapter devoted in a general way to English music and musicians by its shortest paragraph, the gist of which is in this sentence: "I confess", he writes, "there is a company of pretenders to music, . . . but these are no more a disgrace to the true professors of that faculty than monkeys are a disparagement to mankind".

Son of one clergyman, father of another and nephew of two bishops, Fuller is under obligation to refute that age old banality, concerning the invariable depravity of clergymen's children. He does this in a virile piece of advocacy which takes up nearly three printed pages, and the sentence in which he sums up his argument is characteristic of his writing. "In a word", he contends, "other men's children would have as many eyesores, if they had as many eyes seeing them".

In his introduction, he precludes the possibility of adverse criticism by setting up and answering certain "exceptions to the style and matter of the author". When an imaginary critic chides him for the omission from his book of maps and portraits, he gives several satisfactory reasons for their absence, concluding as follows: "Such new regaving them would be injurious to the

owners of the old maps; and I will not bottom my profit on another man's prejudice".

Here are one or two shorter phrases of the sort that abound throughout the "Worthies". Rosamund he describes as the "mistresspiece of beauty of that age". Of a certain handsome prelate he writes that "the inn of his soul had a fair sign"; and he says that by the excellent Latinity of Thomas Linacre, "Galen speaks better Latin in the translation, than he did Greek in the original".

It is not easy to say which of the many things it is that appeals most strongly to readers of Fuller. In a chapter on the "often altering of surnames, and the various writings thereof", he concludes his dissertation with these words, "and however such diversity appeareth in the eyes of others, I dare profess that I am delighted with the prospect thereof". Sometimes I think that next to that quality of style which the world has agreed to describe as "quaint", it is this characteristic of Fuller's mind, this dislike for vapid uniformity in men and things, which charms his readers into paying continued homage to his genius.

That is a broad sympathy which records in the "Worthies" the main facts in the life of William Shakespeare, the master mind, and the wondrous feat of John Bray, who was so strong "that he carried upon his back, about the year 1608, at one time by the space well near of a butt length, six bushels of wheaten meal, reckoning fifteen gallons to the bushel; and upon them all the miller, a lubber of four and twenty years of age". And it is a comprehensive mind that could set down in a serious history the deed of one surnamed Kiltour, who lay on his back in Launceston gaol and "threw a stone of some pounds' weight over the tower's top (and that I assure you is no low one)".

Charles Lamb was of the company of readers and writers whom Fuller has held in pleasant thralldom. He complains in one of his letters that his eyesight is nearly burned out by three days of reading in the closely printed folios, in which for many years the works of our author remained. He published from his commonplace book, with all too few notes, what extracts he found there from the various works of the Carolinian parson, and the passage which most excited his enthusiasm was this which I append, leaving the reader to judge of what he calls the "fine imagination" and "consummate address" of the author of

it. The following paragraphs occur in the section devoted to the "memorable persons of Bedfordshire."

"Henry de Essex.—He is too well known in our English chronicles, being Baron of Raleigh in Essex, and hereditary standard-bearer of England. It happened in the reign of this king, (Henry II) there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshull, betwixt the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, . . . ("betwixt traitor and coward cast away both his courage and banner together,") occasioning a great overthrow of the English.

"But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of, so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel; whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life."

Probably the most valuable of the memorials of great men which Fuller has preserved in the "Worthies" is that sketch of Shakespeare, which, short as it is, yet seems to be one of the two or three straws which the Baconian cannot pass without fetching a smart tumble. He admired the great dramatist unfeignedly, but it is amusing to find him free of the bondage to the name to which our age is subject. He loses no opportunity throughout his works to rate Shakespeare soundly for making Sir John Fastolfe, a worthy and courageous gentleman, the prototype of Sir John Falstaff, a "thrasonical puff and emblem of mock valour", thus perverting the name and reputation of an honest knight into an "anvil for every dull wit to strike upon".

It is the fashion of an age justly weary of artificiality in life and letters to depreciate the mere stylist, but even if Fuller were no more than this, it would still be a peculiar intellectual pleasure to read any of those writings in which he shows himself the master of every rhetorical use known of the grammarians. In description, narration, exposition and argument, he calls into service every figure of diction and figure of thought which rhetoric allows. He was free of that great vice of the Elizabethan and Stuart prose writer, the unreasoning use of certain forms of expression and figures of speech whereby writing was made inelastic and thought obscure and tenuous, yet in the constant employment of figurative language he outdid most of his contem-

poraries. The difference lies, of course, in the fact that with him antithesis, alliteration, simile and metaphor were mediums for the expression of his thought; they were the means and not the end of his endeavor.

He was that rare thing in his time and ours, a good punster, one who punned etymologically and with a reason. His most unlooked for rhetorical feats leave the reader with the impression that exactly as he expressed it on paper, so did the thought first form itself in his mind, that his literary style was the image of his mental process. Coleridge, who was appreciative of Fuller, says on the topic of his style that, "Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous". As a finished, conscious stylist, he stands with his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, but to an even greater degree than is true in the case of the famous Norwich physician, does his writing leave the reader with the feeling of having been in contact with a robust personality.

After all, humor is the most essential of the social qualities of man, and if an author has it not, he will surely die. Humor, in the minted gold of Thackeray's phrase, is a mixture of love and wit. Fuller's intense humanity and his acute perception of the absurdities of mankind resulted in an expression of humor as rich, perhaps, as any that the literature affords. It is not the tongue-in-cheek variety that makes faces, wags its head and explodes into windy mirth. It is the humor that by epigram, anecdote, or unusual thought keeps the reader always in readiness for the smile which, although quiet and fleeting, none the less proceeds from the depths of his being; it is essentially an intellectual expression of humor, a means rather than an end. It is the humor which plays but does not frolic, which strikes but does not wound, and which has always a reason for existence other than the raising of a laugh. When Thomas Fuller died no enemy might say that his mastery of the art of expression had been used to the injury of his neighbor, that his indulgence in the practice of gossiping had left an undeserved stain upon the name of any human creature; or that by his gift of humor he had trained upon friend or foe the guns of ridicule, for, as he wrote of one who had formerly been his antagonist, "his was a broad-chested soul".

National Insurance in England

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The National Insurance Act,* which was passed by Parliament in the winter of 1911-1912 and which will go into effect on July 15, 1912, or at some time between that date and January 1, 1913, to be fixed by an order in council, is worthy of consideration for several reasons. In the first place it is a factor to be reckoned with in English politics. Most observers agree that the tendency of the administration to lose recent by-elections is due largely to the introduction of the new measure into party controversy by the opposition. Affecting, as it does, both employers and employed as well as the influential medical profession, the act has naturally aroused much dissatisfaction and some opposition especially in the interim between its passage and the time it will go into effect. Moreover, the conservative instincts of the majority of Englishmen lead them unconsciously to distrust so radical a departure from the accustomed social order. In spite of the fact, therefore, that the Unionist leaders expressed their approval of the principle of the bill when it was introduced, it was scarcely to be expected that they would resist the temptation to make political capital in the course of the discussions that followed. They defend their action on the ground that Mr. Lloyd George has not incorporated the principles they favor in the terms of his bill. Mr. Bonar Law, the new leader of the Unionist party, even went so far on one occasion as to say on the floor of the House of Commons that he would undertake to repeal the act or at least to modify it very seriously should he come into office. But this assertion was immediately set down in English political slang as another "howler" to the credit of a leader who, to say the least, has not yet achieved any considerable distinction. The chances are that when the differences of opinion as to the details of administration are compromised the act will obtain general acceptance as a permanent factor in English life much in the same way as has the old age pension scheme. In any case, unless one has the vision of a seer, the political influence of the measure must

*I have used the critical edition of the National Insurance Act prepared by A. S. Comyns Carr, W. H. Stuart Garnett, and J. H. Taylor and have drawn freely from their admirable exposition of the act.

be left for future consideration. It is as a proposed scheme for dealing with certain social problems that we shall describe the general provisions of the act and consider them in this article.

The National Insurance Act undertakes to offer partial remedies for two social ills, sickness and unemployment. In dealing with these questions it is also inevitably concerned indirectly with such other questions as poverty, sanitation, and the like. Since, however, distinct schemes are proposed for dealing with sickness and unemployment, it will be well to give them separate treatment.

Naturally the experience of Germany was taken into account when Mr. Lloyd George and his associates undertook the task of framing a bill which would compel every English wage earner to insure himself against sickness and yet would not interfere too much with the voluntary societies for that purpose already existing. In several important respects the measure finally adopted resembles that which has been in operation for a number of years in Germany. Both schemes make insurance compulsory, and both are national in scope. In other respects the two schemes differ widely. In Germany, for example, the old age pensions are paid out of the sickness and invalidity fund, whereas in England the imperial exchequer votes about £13,000,000 annually for that purpose. The result is that more of the money contributed to the insurance fund in England is available for the insured laborers. Again, in Germany the fund available for paying benefits in the case of sickness is obtained entirely from contributions levied upon laborers and their employers, while in England the state contributes an additional sum. Furthermore, in Germany the insured population is classified, and the benefits are apportioned according to the rate of wages. In England no such distinctions will be made. Finally, from an administrative point of view, the German scheme differs from the English law in providing a separate machinery for collecting and distributing the sickness and invalidity benefits. While the general scheme has been patterned upon that in force in Germany, therefore, the details have been modified to suit English conditions and in some cases to conform to higher ideals.

The scope and character of the act are colossal. There are in round numbers about 45,000,000 people in Great Britain. It is estimated that about 15,500,000 of these are engaged in manual

labor. The incomes of 3,500,000 of the remainder are so small that they are relieved of the income tax. Of these 19,000,000 people 14,700,000, it is estimated, will be insured against sickness under the new act. It is expected that 1,600,000 will insure themselves voluntarily under its provisions for that purpose, while the remaining 13,100,000 will be compelled to insure by law. Of this number, for whom the state will make insurance obligatory, it is estimated that 9,200,000 will be men and 3,900,000 women. Between four and five million persons are already insured in the various friendly societies. The new law, therefore, will more than double the number of insured persons in England. Moreover, these figures give a very imperfect notion of the far reaching results that will inevitably follow when the law goes into effect. The local officers who will administer the act will deal with the intimate family affairs of the household of every working man in the kingdom. The state, in fact, practically guarantees to every man, woman, and child of its inhabitants medicine and medical attendance as well as sustenance, and that without pauperization. How is it possible to carry out, even approximately, such a stupendous undertaking?

The first problem, naturally, is to find the money. The National Insurance Act proposes that this task shall become the joint undertaking of the laborers, the employers, and the state. The proportionate share for each of the contributing parties varies. In general, for male laborers it is provided that the state shall pay 2d. per week, the laborer himself 4d., and his employer 3d. In the case of women the state pays 2d., the employer 3d., and the laborer 3d. However, in case the daily wage of a laborer does not exceed 1s. 6d., the employee is exempt, the state pays 1d. extra, and the employer has to find the balance. When the wage does not exceed 2s. the state still pays 1d. extra, the employee 1d., and the employer the remainder. When the wage is between 2s. and 2s. 6d., the state will pay 2d., the laborer 3d., and the employer the remainder. This scale is to be modified, however, in cases where the employee is under twenty-one years of age or where board and lodging are furnished by the employer in addition to the money wage. But in every case the burden of seeing that both contributions are paid rests upon the employer. It is his duty to ascertain whether he has any persons in his em-

ploy who ought to be insured under the terms of the act. If so he must purchase the stamps necessary to cover the amount of the contributions of both himself and his employee and must affix them to cards with which the employees will be provided for that purpose. He is thereupon permitted to retain the share of the employee from the wage of the latter provided he does so immediately. But he cannot later recover any contributions which he has failed to collect forthwith from the laborer. After the stamps are affixed it is the duty of the insured person to see that the cards are deposited with the proper authorities.

Every person regularly employed whose annual wage does not exceed £160 per year is required to be insured, no matter what the character of his employment may be. Thus clergymen and teachers, for example, would come under this provision unless they have been previously otherwise provided for. Every person engaged in any form of manual labor is required to be insured no matter what his wage may be. The term employment is construed broadly, so that a cabman driving the vehicle of another, for example, though not paid a regular wage, is required to be insured, and the owner of the vehicle is responsible for the contribution. If the income of any insured person should later be increased so as to make it greater than £160 per annum, such a person, if he so desires, can still remain a beneficiary of the insurance scheme as a voluntary contributor. But in that case the employer is relieved from all further obligations, and the insured person will pay the full amount.

The benefits which an insured person is to receive in return for his contributions are of several kinds. In the first place, should he become sick he is entitled to free medicine and medical attendance by the physician of his choice. Of course this freedom of choice is limited to a certain extent. The committee charged with the administration of the law in a given locality will prepare and have ready a panel of the physicians in that locality who offer for that class of work. It is the right of the insured person to select at intervals to be agreed upon by the committee a physician from this panel. In case the physician so selected agrees to serve, the person who has selected him becomes his official patient until the period for which he was selected has expired. The state under-

takes to see that the physician is remunerated and that the patient is furnished with medicines prescribed.

Not only is an insured person entitled to free medicines and medical attention. He is also entitled to free treatment in a sanatorium throughout the remainder of his life, or as long as it shall be necessary, should he contract tuberculosis or any other disease that the Local Government Board may designate. These sanatoria, however, are not to be built from the insurance funds. The existing institutions are to be utilized, and, where it is necessary, the imperial government will co-operate with the local authorities to build as many sanatoria as shall be needed. The insurance committee merely has to undertake the task of providing the patient with a place in such an institution. Of course the committee will exercise its discretion in giving such treatment and will no doubt be guided largely by the advice of the medical members of the committee.

In order to supply his needs while he is out of employment on account of sickness, or the needs of his family should he be placed in a sanatorium, it is provided that an insured person shall receive a weekly stipend of 10s.—7s. 6d. in the case of women—which shall begin on the fourth day of his illness and continue for twenty-six weeks. In case he should be ill for a longer period a stipend of 5s. per week for man or woman shall be paid throughout the period of illness. Before either of these stipends can be collected, however, it is necessary that a specified number of contributions shall have been made previously, twenty-six as a preliminary to the 10s. per week and 104 to the 5s. per week.

An insured married woman or the wife of a man who is insured is to be allowed a 30s. maternity benefit at the time of confinement. The married woman who is herself insured will be entitled to an additional sickness or disablement benefit at the usual rate for women during the period of her confinement. The sickness, disablement, and maternity benefits will not be paid to a person who is being cared for in a hospital or sanatorium, however, though the two former may be paid to those dependent upon the insured person. Furthermore, the committee is to have the right to pay the maternity benefit in cash or otherwise at its discretion, the intention being to secure that a competent physician or midwife shall be in attendance upon the case.

The above-mentioned are the "minimum benefits," that is they are guaranteed to every insured person by the government. In addition to these an approved society, if it has an available surplus, may grant to its members additional benefits such as an increase in the convalescence pension. No such society, however, can pay death benefits from the funds collected under this scheme.

One of the interesting features of this scheme is the attempt to make insurance compulsory and yet to leave it to the individual to choose the society in which he will insure, the societies themselves being purely voluntary organizations. It is true that the Post Office will undertake to collect the contributions of those persons who decline to affiliate themselves with any society. But the law encourages all persons who have to be insured to join a society, since the Post Office merely pays to the contributor in case of illness the sum which has been placed to his individual credit by the combined contributions of himself, his employer, and the state. In other words, the Post Office assumes no risk but merely assists a contributor to lay up in store against a time of need. The societies, on the other hand, in return for the contributions undertake to guarantee to the insured person certain benefits whether he has himself contributed sufficient funds for that purpose or not.

Before a society will be accepted as fulfilling the requirements of the law it must have at least five thousand contributing members and must have the approval of the Insurance Commissioners. In order to obtain this approval the society must not be carried on for a profit, and its affairs, including the election of the committee of management, must be under the control of its members. The only exception permitted to this rule is in the case of societies promoted by employers for the benefit of their employees in which the former are liable for a substantial contribution or are responsible for the solvency of the society. Societies having fewer members than five thousand may, and if they refuse shall be, grouped together so as to comply with this requirement. The resources of the allied societies, in that case, are to be liable for the benefits that fall upon all the societies in the group.

To co-operate with the approved societies in administering the insurance scheme a system of commissions and committees is to be inaugurated. There will be four sets of Insurance Commis-

sioners, one for each geographical division of the United Kingdom, each to have control of the health fund of the country it represents. The work of these commissioners is to be co-ordinated by a joint committee under a chairman who shall have a seat in the House of Commons in order to answer questions in that body. The commissioners also have the task of attending to the collection of the contributions to the fund and of bringing into existence and prescribing regulations for the local insurance committees. One such committee must be appointed for each county or county borough, the membership and method of appointment being left largely in the hands of the commissioners. The law provides, however, that these committees shall not contain more than eighty nor fewer than forty members, that three-fifths of their membership shall come from the insured persons resident in the county, that one-fifth shall be chosen by the local government in the community, that a certain number shall be women, and that a certain number shall be members of the medical profession. These committees have the appointment of district committees for still smaller areas who shall coöperate with them in administering in detail the payment of the benefits and related matters.

One of the most troublesome questions with which the framers of the law had to deal was the relation of the members of the medical profession to the scheme. About ten years ago the British Medical Association organized itself on a more democratic basis than formerly and undertook a reform of the abuses that had crept into the system of contract practice in vogue among the poorer classes. There is not space here to enter into the details of these abuses. It is sufficient to say that, owing to the unscrupulous methods of certain societies, co-operating with physicians who frequently had no better training than they had ideals, the people most in need of medical attention in many cases received very inadequate care. The medical association had made some progress toward remedying these conditions before the insurance bill was introduced. The doctors were naturally reluctant, therefore, to see their plans destroyed and a totally new scheme put in their place. The result was that while the bill was pending there took place what was practically a strike of the physicians. The members of the profession brought forward the following demand, (1) that no person having an in-

come of more than ten pounds per week should be entitled to a medical benefit, (2) that the patient should be permitted to have the physician of his choice, subject to the consent of the doctor to serve, (3) that the medical benefits should be administered by the insurance committees instead of by the friendly societies, (4) that the method of remunerating the physicians—that is whether by the head or by the cases attended—should be left to the majority of the medical members of the district committees in the several localities, (5) that the remuneration should be what the profession may regard as adequate in view of the work done, and (6) that the profession should have adequate representation on the local committees. To a certain extent the doctors ultimately won their fight on most of these points. Free choice of a physician is granted with certain restrictions already indicated; the profession has ample representation on the various boards and committees; and the medical benefits are to be administered by the committees instead of by the societies. The other points at issue are for the most part left for settlement to the physicians and committees who will have to deal with local conditions.

While the National Insurance Act may be rightly regarded as a stupendous attempt to promote the health of the English people, it is, nevertheless, not expected that it will interfere with the work of the local health and sanitation boards already in existence. In fact the act provides that where it can be shown that sickness results from the failure of the local authorities to enforce existing sanitary regulations the insurance committees may recover from the local authorities the amount expended in benefits on account of such illness. In this way it is expected that the act will operate to promote better sanitary conditions at the same time that it alleviates the poverty that is the result of sickness.

The second part of the National Insurance Act deals with the question of unemployment. This part of the act, however, is admittedly an experiment and is limited for the present to laborers in certain trades. Broadly speaking these trades include bricklayers, carpenters, most joiners, painters, plasterers, paper hangers, all men engaged in making or repairing machinery or in operating machine tools, all men engaged in ship building, in making embankments, canals, and other permanent works, plate-layers, iron foundries, sawyers, carriage builders, and laborers

working with them. Every such laborer is required to contribute $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week, which, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. contributed by his employer and $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. added by the state, makes up the total contribution required. The board of trade undertakes to manage the scheme at the cost of the odd $\frac{3}{4}$ d., so that 6d. per week will be left available to pay benefits.

The benefits are to be allotted under a modified deposit system, that is, a laborer when unemployed can draw one week's benefit to the amount of 7s. for every five weeks he has contributed. In other words, an insured person is entitled to draw out in the form of benefits 7s. for every $1s. \frac{1}{4}$ d. that he has paid into the fund himself. It is provided also that if a laborer does not have occasion to receive the benefits to which he would have been entitled he may at any time after he has reached the age of sixty-five years draw from the fund a sum equal to the total amount of his own contributions with $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest on the same.

One of the most vexing questions that will arise in the administration of this part of the act will be as to what constitutes unemployment. In order to meet this difficulty the act provides that when an insured person presents his claim at the local labor exchange the officer in charge shall have two alternatives. He may offer him suitable employment, or he may enter his name upon the list of those drawing unemployment benefits. But the question will arise as to what constitutes suitable employment. Should the laborer and the local exchange be unable to agree on this point the matter is to be left to a board of referees which is provided for in the act. There are certain kinds of employment, however, which a workman has a statutory right to refuse. He may, for example, refuse to accept employment at lower wages or on less favorable conditions than he has formerly had, unless his previous experience has demonstrated that he was incompetent for the work. Again, a laborer cannot be sent to another district at less than the customary wage for his trade in that district. The government has no intention of inaugurating a strike-breaking scheme. Indeed the law will materially strengthen the hands of the unions. The members of the unions will get their insurance against sickness and against unemployment that is not the result of a labor dispute at a very much lower rate than they have been accustomed to pay in the past. As a result there will

naturally be more funds in the treasury of the union to pay strike benefits while a dispute is in progress. Furthermore, since the union societies will have the approval of the government, and since every laborer will be required to become a member of some society or else make his contributions on less advantageous terms at the Post Office, the unions may naturally expect to have an increased membership in consequence of the act.

Such are the provisions of the most complicated and at the same time the most ambitious attempt at social betterment by legislation that the British government has yet undertaken. The leaders in this movement dream of decreasing the death rate, banishing poverty, and in general promoting the welfare of those classes of citizens upon whom, after all, the state is largely dependent. It is easy to criticize now, when the vast amount of detail incidental to putting the new law into force seems to present almost insurmountable difficulties. And it must be admitted that the paternal measures which form so large a part of the program of present-day Liberals are radical departures from the basic theories of the Liberalism of a half century ago. Nevertheless, the English people will probably, in the long run, take the same attitude toward this measure that they have recently taken toward other departures from the traditional policies of their government. If the good that results from the National Insurance Act seems to overbalance the evil the law will probably be accepted as a permanent measure, and in spite of the threats of Mr. Bonar Law, there is, therefore, little likelihood that either party will, in the near future do more than modify it to remedy defects which experience may reveal.

Ancient and Modern Letters

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Phi Beta Kappa is "a Greek letter society." Beta and Kappa, B and K, the second two constituents of its name, are found in what we call the Roman alphabet also, and hence in the English. But the first is not; nor may the concept which Phi here represents, "philosophia," be perfectly understood by those who never have received a literal message from the Greeks.

Had we leisure to discuss the history of the separate words, "Philosophy, the Guide of Life," in which we render our noble motto, it would not be difficult to show how the name suggests an essential unity in all the diversity of ancient, mediæval, and modern culture. The words "guide" and "life" do, indeed, take on a different coloring when translated into other tongues, and interpreted for different stages of civilization: *Die Philosophie, der Leitstern des Lebens*; *La Philosophie, la Règle de la Vie*. French, and German, and English life at least have a very different outward appearance, as have different epochs in the life and thought of a single nation. The resemblances between French thought in Abaelard of the twelfth century, for example, and French thought in Loisy of the twentieth are not wholly on the surface. Yet in every age, in the chief of modern tongues, and to the most modern, who are often the most conservative, of their times, the word "philosophy" must remain essentially unchanged, and essentially Greek.

Our Society was organized in the first year of our national independence, at a time when the study of Greek and Latin authors was felt to be indispensable to the cultivation of philosophy and the study of *belles lettres* in general—"beautiful letters," as the French so beautifully express it. Subsequently there has intervened a brief space—brief, that is, in the perspective of the centuries, and even in the history of our own nation—during which certain alleged exponents and purveyors of culture have seemed to feel otherwise. At all events we have beheld ostensible leaders of education, themselves sometimes owing the best that was in them to the study of Greek, yet acting as if they fancied that the

*An address delivered after the initiation of new members, April 1, 1912.

study of less beautiful letters might embellish the souls of our American youth quite as well as the most excellent letters of all ; I mean those most excellent letters in which the Homeric poems, the tragedies of Sophocles, the dialogues of Plato, and the books of the New Testament have come down to us. These intervenient guides have told us, in effect, that any kind of mental pabulum is wholesome for a man, so long as he craves it; that one subject is just about as good as another in the curriculum, so long as no sneering demagogue has labeled it "aristocratic"; and that the main principle in a general education no longer is, "Let a man deny himself, and take up his cross," but, "Let every man follow his bent." Yes, and let the nation follow its bent, irrespective of that piece of counsel in the Nicomachean Ethics: "We must also observe the things to which we ourselves are particularly prone, as different natures have different inclinations, and we may ascertain what these are by a consideration of our feelings of pleasure and pain. And we must drag ourselves in the direction opposite to them . . . as we do when we pull a crooked stick straight." Under the elective system, the drift of the nation, as of individuals, led away from Greek, and for many reasons, the chief one being that Greek, like mathematics, is hard, bringing students to a consideration of their feelings of pain, and, unlike a part of the mathematics, has little obvious bearing upon the production and distribution of animal comforts or necessities. Yet there is reason to believe that the evil time of lost distinctions and educational anarchy in America is past, or passing; that Greek, for example, was in greatest peril about the beginning of the present century; that a hundred signs now point to its coming rehabilitation; and that many whom it formerly nourished, who latterly have been faint-hearted or treacherous in its defence, will shortly join in the wide-spread acclamation, when the subject once more comes to its own.

I venture to speak in this way, partly because of a conviction that the class of persons to which I have the honor of belonging—the teachers of modern vernacular literatures, and in particular of English—will ultimately be found to have exercised a potent influence in this rehabilitation of Greek. It may not be improper to say that I yield to none in the veneration of my own subject, the English language and literature. I will even venture to af-

firm that the teacher of his own vernacular has, with certain manifest disadvantages, certain paramount advantages in the general culture of his students over the teacher of any foreign literature, whether ancient or modern; nay more, that certain advantages can accrue to the pupil only on the condition that his teacher from time to time shall approach the ancient or foreign literature through the vernacular. Having said so much, I shall not be misunderstood when I add that it is the most pernicious of errors to assume that one subject, considered in itself, is as important as another in a general scheme of studies. Properly considered, English, the most important of modern literatures except Italian, is a very feeble instrument of education indeed in comparison with the classics, if it be dissociated from them; and if a severance were necessary between the ancient and modern, the modern had better be dropped from the curriculum, and the ancient, above all the Greek, retained.

There is, at present, no likelihood that such a mischance will occur. What seems probable is that the teachers of modern languages will more and more clearly recognize the impossibility of pursuing their respective subjects, French, German, Italian, English, with students who are innocent of Greek and Latin. They will more and more insistently demand that what is fundamental, what precedes in point of logic as well as time, shall be acquired by students before they approach the special investigation of a modern literature. In fact, during the past few decades, while Greek may have seemed to be losing ground, and Latin perhaps not to be gaining, eminent scholars in English have been sending out of our American universities a succession of young doctors of philosophy convinced that the hope of the classics is the hope of any thorough general culture, and that the cause of English will stand or fall with that of Greek. What these eminent teachers of English have been doing, the eminent teachers of other modern literatures have likewise been doing, with the result that we possess in the best-trained younger men and women in some of the more popular subjects of instruction a growing influence in favor of the classics, to be added to the persistent influence of classical scholars themselves.

It would be impossible to explain in brief the cogent reasons that move these teachers of modern literature in their effort to

direct the younger generation betimes into the study of Greek and Latin; yet a few remarks upon the relation of our own literature to the classics may not at this point be lacking in suggestiveness.

It will be granted, I suppose, that the first requisite in understanding a poem in any language is a measure of sympathy with its author. The reader must have had certain experiences in common with the poet. Now, with exceptions so rare as to be negligible, the English poets, beginning with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, and coming down to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, have had the common experience of reading Latin; and from Spenser and Milton to Tennyson and Browning, most of them read Greek before they wrote English poetry of any consequence. The inference is obvious; let us put it in the form of the advice which one of these very poets, Wordsworth, gave to his nephew: "Remember, first read the ancient classical authors; then come to us, and you will be able to judge for yourself which of us is worth reading." Precisely so. Let our Freshmen and Sophomores first study Greek and Latin (and may we add history and mathematics?); then, in the Junior or, better, the Senior year, let them specialize if they will in English, and they will be able to judge for themselves what is worth while in that subject. As for prospective teachers of English, we may say to them: Remember, first acquaint yourselves with the method of interpretation and criticism which has been developed by twenty-three centuries of classical scholarship in Europe, and you will be able to judge for yourselves how much or how little variation there need be in applying this method to the study of the vernacular.

Again, I suppose, it will be granted that on the part of a student, as distinguished from the naïve and unformed reader, no greater mistake can be made than to fancy a particular thought or expression in an English author to be original with him, and a sure mark of his particular genius, when as a matter of fact it is not original with him, but comes, let us say, through a series of intermediate translations, from the Greek of Plutarch. There is a wonderful description in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* of the Egyptian Queen as she first appeared to the hero:

When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon
 the river of Cydnus . . .
 The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails; and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
 Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Is the description original? So far as I am aware, the only measure of its originality is the passage in North's Plutarch which Shakespeare happens to be adapting. It may be given without further comment:

"When she was sent unto by divers letters . . . she . . . mocked Antonius so much that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her."

Upon this showing, which seems to be the more original, Shakespeare, or the biographer of Chaeronea? And if Shakespeare and his age could draw such inspiration from Plutarch at two or three removes, why has Plutarch disappeared from the circle of humane studies to-day—that Plutarch who later fructified the genius of a modern educator, Rousseau? Moreover, Plutarch is himself but a late and relatively unoriginal Greek. The ultimate sources of vital ideas, of "philosophia", lie far behind him.

But again: it often happens that some portion of a modern author is almost unintelligible unless we are familiar with the Greek or Latin image which he has in mind. One is bound, for example, to think that Shelley's picture of himself in lines 289-295 of *Adonais* must be well-nigh meaningless to the reader who is unacquainted with the Greek conception of the suffering wanderer Dionysus:

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it.

And certainly it makes the voluptuous nature of the hero in Wordsworth's poem of *Ruth* more comprehensible if our previous studies have shown us that the panther and dolphin are the classic companions of Dionysus in his joy:

He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

"The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country", says Shelley, in his Preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, "has been to me, like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment. Such are the sources from which the materials for the imagery of my Poem have been drawn. I . . . have read the Poets and the Historians and the Metaphysicians, whose writings have been accessible to me". And he adds that the training he has received, with the feelings it has evoked, is not indeed the essential thing which makes men poets—"but only prepares them to be the auditors of those who are."

One might go on to multiply examples endlessly. The truth is, English literature from the time of Chaucer, far from being original in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is derivative to an extent undreamed of by the layman; and though the immediate sources of inspiration are often French and Spanish, more often, perhaps, Italian, the chief immediate source of most of the

ideas of our poets has been Latin—and the ultimate source is Greek. All roads lead to Rome, is as true of English as of the modern Continental literatures; and a thousand roads lead back from Rome to Greece. Accordingly, the one great model of English prose is Cicero, whose model was Demosthenes; and the great writers of English prose from Milton to Burke, and from Burke to Newman, have been familiar with either or both. And the two chief wells whence English poets have drawn their notions of poetic style, as well as their mythological allusions, have been Virgil and Ovid—Virgil, who takes his inspiration from Homer, and Ovid who collected and arranged pretty much all that is known of Graeco-Roman mythology. To an age that is eager for any short cut whatsoever to the intelligent reading of our English poets, I would say that a hundred hours devoted to Ovid and Virgil, even read in translations, would be worth thousands of hours spent upon most of the books in the list adopted for "Entrance English." Of the mythological allusions in Shakespeare "for which a definite source can be assigned, it will be found that an overwhelming majority are directly due to Ovid, while the remainder, with few exceptions, are from Virgil." So says a competent investigator; and he adds: "A man familiar with these two authors, and with no others, would be able to make all the mythological allusions contained in the undisputed works of Shakespeare, barring some few exceptions"—which we may here neglect.

But we are not at present advocating a short cut to the interpretation of modern authors; if we were, it would be time to say something about the necessity of studying the English Bible before attempting to read authors who knew it by heart, and who use its thought and language as a common possession of the reading public. What we are advocating is a short cut to that inner substance of the Greek classics, that "sophia", which the Greeks especially loved, that leaven which has diffused itself, by way of Rome, throughout all modern literatures. There is but one short cut to the substance of Greek, and that way lies through the letters which enfold it. They are not dead, and they do not kill. The eternal spirit which inhabits those letters imparts its life to them, and makes them beautiful. There really is no arguing about the matter; only those who know that spirit, incar-

nate in those letters, are in a position to speak of the value of either in a system of education. Emphatically must we add that those who have dabbled in Greek, and have not loved it, or do not now love it, are not in a position to speak on the subject; nor are those who never had an opportunity of studying it. But the latter class at least may attend to the words of a teacher of English when he says: In nine cases out of ten, the undergraduates who think the best thoughts and express them in the best way, and who utter righteous judgment when they examine the standard modern authors, are those who have studied, or are studying, Greek and Latin. "A great London editor told me," observes Goldwin Smith in his *Reminiscences*, "that the only members of his staff who wrote in good form from the beginning had practised Latin verse." "In regard to antiquity as an element of education," says an eminent Russian, Professor Zielinski, "people are disposed to deem it merely a singular survival, which has maintained its footing in our modern school curriculum in some unintelligible way, and for some unintelligible reason, but which is destined to make a speedy and final disappearance. But the man who understands the true position of affairs will rejoice that antiquity, owing both to historical and psychological causes, is, and must be considered, an organic element of education in European schools, and that if it be destined to disappear entirely, its end will coincide with the end of modern European culture."

In America, the members of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa dare not regard themselves as unconcerned in the cultivation of Greek letters and the diffusion of the Hellenic spirit. And the duty of these members with respect to the classics is clear and simple. The influence such a body represents is sufficient to divert thousands of new students every year into the pursuit of classical subjects; it is sufficient within a decade to convert twenty American universities into as many leading institutions in humane studies; it is sufficient to accomplish this, if each individual who has faith in Greek will attempt at the beginning of every academic term to implant his faith in the heart of two other persons. The effort must begin with individuals. Let us shake off our apathy and indifference, our timorous regard for vulgar opinion, our supine acquiescence in a state of affairs which

we know to be evil; and let us resolutely send our most promising pupils, and younger fellow-students, to the tables where generations of those who hungered and thirsted after wisdom have been fed, and felt no lack.

And let us otherwise strive, according to our powers, to make this Society perform its office in the body educational. At many of our colleges and universities, an election to the Society of Phi Beta Kappa at present constitutes the only distinction which is conferred upon pure scholarship without an attendant pecuniary reward. By our words and actions let us make clear that we believe in the distinction; because it sets a premium on the men and women whose nominal and real business in a place of study are eminently one and the same, that is, the business or activity of students; and because it puts the mark of high success upon the sort of men and women for whom an idealist like Ezra Cornell wished to found a university. After a period in education during which everything has been tolerated save orthodoxy, let us tolerate orthodoxy. Furthermore, in order to enhance the distinction, we need not hesitate openly to condemn, wherever it may appear, the shallow thinking that gives honor to the man whose nominal business is study, but who slights his manifest duty, and succeeds, apparently, at something else. A characteristic of the vulgar, says the caustic Ulysses, is their frantic worship of a tinsel success that is not connected with the permanent issues of life:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds . . .
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

But our Society may say to the world, in the language of King Agamemnon:

Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin.
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

The Unpublished Verse of Irwin Russell

ALFRED ALLAN KERN

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Mr. Francis Wilson in his entertaining biography of the most beloved American actor, Joseph Jefferson, tells this incident: "Jefferson gave Crane and me a treat one day by reading us Irwin Russell's poems, a collection of negro dialect verses which Jefferson said would one day rank high. The line

'If we are sinning we need the more your prayers,'

he called Shakespearean."^{*}

That Jefferson was correct in his estimate of Russell's verse is becoming more and more evident with each passing year. This is not surprising when we consider the nature of Russell's work. In one respect at least he closely resembles Keats—the influence which he has exerted upon the writers who have followed him has been out of all proportion to the volume of his work. The author of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" and the creator of "Uncle Remus," have become widely known for their delineation of the Southern negro in literature; indeed, it is not too much to say that their literary reputation rests largely upon this delineation and that in their pages the negro as a literary character has reached his highest development. And yet with a modesty which reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's criticism of the novels of Jane Austen,[†] each of these writers has borne testimony to the influence of Russell in his own literary development. Thomas Nelson Page dedicated his first volume, *Befo' de War—Echoes in Negro Dialect*,[‡] "To the memory of Irwin Russell who awoke the first echo;" and in a private letter he wrote: "Personally I owe much to him. It was the light of his genius shining through his

^{*} See page 273 of Wilson's biography. This line does not occur in the *Poems*; Jefferson probably had reference to the following lines from "Christmas Night in the Quarters":

"You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right."

[†] "Read again for the third time at least *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful that I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early." Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, March 14, 1828.

[‡] Written in conjunction with A. C. Gordon. Scribners, 1901.

dialect poems—first of dialect poems then and still first—that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow.”*

Joel Chandler Harris in his “Introduction” to the *Poems* of Russell placed him “among the first—if not the very first—of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character;” and concluded by saying: “I do not know where could be found today a happier or more perfect representation of negro character.” Nor do I, unless it be in the pages of “Uncle Remus” himself.

Russell is now generally recognized as the pioneer in that romantic revival which since 1870 has dominated Southern literature and which includes among its writers Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, Charles Egbert Craddock, James Lane Allen, and others. His work in itself is as slight as his influence was far-reaching—slight both as to its content and its amount. Nearly all of his verse is included in the little volume published by the Century Company in 1888.† In addition to the poems there published, the following have also appeared:

“The Hysteriad.” *Scribner’s Magazine*, XVI, 759.

“The Romaunt of Sir Kuss.” *Scribner’s Magazine*, XIX, 799.

“A Symbol.” *Birds*, Dec., 1898; *Library of Southern Literature*, p. 4620.

“Lines to a Young Lady Friend.” *Library of Southern Literature*, p. 4618.

Since Russell’s fame is destined to increase with the growing importance of Southern literature, and it is desirable that all of his poems be preserved in a permanent and accessible form, I have here ventured to republish the poems which have hitherto appeared only in newspapers, and to add to them an album verse which has as yet been unpublished. It is believed that these poems, together with those which have been mentioned above, comprise his entire poetic output.

The first two poems and the fourth were printed in the New Orleans *Picayune* of June 2, 1907, in an interesting and valuable article by Mrs. Maggie Williams Musgrove of Port Gibson, Mis-

*Published in the *Millsaps Collegian*, March, 1899. See also Page’s poem “One Mourner” in *Befo’ de War*, page 127.

†*Poems by Irwin Russell*. Republished in 1905 with the addition of the poem “Goin’.”

issippi. The first is taken from the autograph album of her sister, Miss Ella B. Williams.

TO MISS ELLA WILLIAMS

It used to be, in ancient times,
Before Old Nick invented rhymes,
That people scorned deceitful arts,
And kept their friendship in their hearts.

The fashion's changed—how well it looks,
To write our feelings down in books!
For thus each man his mind may paint,
And make a sinner seem a saint.

Here in this book, in many a line,
Lord! How the writer's virtues shine!
How noble, tender, soft and sweet
The sentiments that they repeat!

If you believed one-half they say
You'd be at least as soft as they;
But you are blessed with common sense,
And know the worth of such pretense.

But on these pages, still, appear
Some thoughts you know to be sincere;
Select the truest and the best,
And take them as by me expressed.

The poem which follows is also from an autograph album, and was written underneath some verses which Russell had quoted:

TO MISS MOLLIE MORRIS

I've kept your book a long, long time,
And only written borrowed rhyme;
But evils always have their cures;
These lines are mine—I mean, they're yours!

Perhaps you'll think such wretched verse
Can only make the matter worse;
But what of that?—just think away—
I only care for what you say.

And if you say what's too severe,
What then? I won't be there to hear.
So I'm content on either hand;
Your humble servant to command.

April 2, 1878.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

It was the age of the autograph album, and Russell, with his ready wit and impromptu verses, must have been in great demand by the owners thereof. He "dashed off" much of his best verse and held with one of his own characters that "science comes by natur'; dat's de way it is wid me." As has been said of Herrick, "his genius was of the kind which carves cherry-stones, not of the kind which hews great figures from the living rock," and he carved them oftentimes none too carefully at that; but even in his very carelessness lies a certain charm—the finish of the stone is not so fine as to cause us to forget the cherry which surrounded it, nor is the carving so accurate as to remove all traces of the artist who cut it. Professor R. S. Ricketts of Millsaps College, to whom I am indebted for the following lines written in a girl's album, and who was himself a neighbor of Russell in Port Gibson in 1871-73, has told me that one of the young poet's most marked traits was his fondness for children, with whom he was exceedingly popular. Something of the gentle playfulness which must have endeared him to them, and even to those who were older, appears in this slight tribute, which has never before been published:

"A school girl next, she curls her hair in papers.
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Plays at church and serious when she dances."

ROGERS.

Can this be true? Was Samuel R. a prophet?
I only guess, for I know nothing of it.
Come albums after dolls? By my attesting,
You'll never find them half so interesting.

Russell's first effort* was no more promising than that of many a greater poet. Of it Mrs. Musgrove says: "The following verses were written for the Port Gibson *Standard* of October 13, 1871, by Irwin Russell, then a youth of about eighteen years of age. They were called forth by some lines in the preceding number of the *Standard* by Miss Sallie Massie, the "Ishmael" to whom Russell's poem is dedicated. Miss Massie had chosen her pen name because, as she said, her poetry would share the fate of Ishmael—every man's hand would be against it."

*The Port Gibson *Standard* for 1868-69 contained a poem by Russell beginning,

"In the year of the dragon, three million and two,
In the reign of the Emperor Donohoo,"
but the paper containing the poem is missing from the files.

SHIPS FROM THE SEA

To "Ishmael"

With a trembling hand she launched them
On the ever-shifting tide,
And she stood on the beach and watched them
Far out on the ocean glide,
Till their shadowy shrouds had mingled
With the mists they sailed to meet,
And the rainbow-tinted masses
Received her fairy fleet.

Her dearest hopes were their cargo,
Her fancy furnished the chart,
And to guide them upon the voyage
The compass was her heart.
With their gossamer pennants flying
And their silken sails outspread,
O'er a strange, mysterious ocean
The goblin vessels sped.

When the years had passed, she waited
On the golden sands of the beach
That her long expected flotilla
Was never destined to reach;
And she asked of the murmuring sea-breeze,
And again of the waves around,
The question often repeated,
"Are my vessels homeward bound?"

And there came to her never an answer,
She asked in vain of the wave—
And the sighing breezes swept past her
And never an answer gave;
But she patiently watched and waited
For the coming home of her ships,
Till the bloom of her beauty had faded,
And the smiles had forgotten her lips.

At last, when its fetters were broken,
Her spirit fled over the sea
In search of her long-missing vessels—
Wherever those vessels might be.
In the country of dreams and of spirits,
All wrecked on a treacherous strand,
She found her good ships and their cargo,
Her hopes, buried deep in the sand.

Never we know when we launch them
 The way that our vessels will roam,
 Nor know we when to expect them,
 If ever, returning home.
 To some they come preciously laden
 From short and from prosperous trips,
 But the most of us vainly are waiting
 For the coming home of our ships.

His gift of impromptu composition is illustrated not only by his album verses but also by the stories, still current in Port Gibson, of how he came to write certain poems. His masterpiece, "Christmas Night in the Quarters," was not a carefully constructed poem, as many would suppose, but the direct result of a passing inspiration. Having witnessed one morning in Port Gibson the laughable outcome of a negro's remonstrance with a mule, and while the mood of the incident was still upon him, he dashed off what is perhaps his most popular poem, "Nebuchadnezzar." The poem which follows was also the result of a passing fancy, or at any rate sprang full-fledged from the brain of its author. Russell had always been interested in printing and was frequently to be found in the office of the Port Gibson *Reveille*, where he sometimes obligingly turned his literary talent to account when the paper was short of copy. "Dat Peter" is said to have had its origin in some such way. Upon being asked for something to fill up space in the forthcoming number, he seized a piece of proof paper, and holding it against the door of the printing office, scratched off "Dat Peter"—and buried in the files of the little county newspaper the poem has remained until the present moment:

DAT PETER

I've been a-watchin' people an' deir doings all my life,
 An' sometimes I obsarves to Sophonisby—dat's my wife—
 Dat nuffin' seldom happens what I doesn't 'spect to see:
 But Peter,
 Dat Peter!

He gits away wid me.

You see he's been to Oakland, an' his larnin' is profound;
 I heered him sayin' yes'day dat de yearth kep' turnin' round!
 Dat 'pears to me ridiculous—but I nebber wuz to school—
 And Peter.
 Dat Peter!

He 'lows dat I've a fool.

Well, mebbe so; I mout be, but I doesn't think it's true;
 I aint so wise as Peter, but I knows a thing or two:
 Ef I kain't run as fast as some, I manages to crawl—

But Peter,
 Dat Peter!

He thinks he knows it all.

He wears a suit ob store-clo'es, an' a fine fibe dollar hat!
 Who eber heered de like afore ob sich gwine on as dat?
 He iles his har, he do; an' goes a-sparkin' eb'ry night;

Why Peter,
 Dat Peter!

I guess he thinks he's white.

I really think ef Peter would rent a leetle patch ob land,
 An' settle down to crappin', dat he'd hold a better hand;
 De debbil's gwine to set him back afore his game is done;

But Peter,
 Dat Peter!

He say he's twenty-one.

Well, let de nigger slide—I could say suffin' ef I mout,
 But I has oder matters to be projeckin' about.
 I'se jubious how he'll come out—hab to wait a while an' see.

But Peter,
 Dat Peter!

He's most too much for me.

As a poem it deserves rank with "Norvern People," "Selling a Dog," and others of the better sort in his volume of poems. Its interest as a revelation of negro life and character just after the war lies chiefly in its description of the effects of education upon the younger generation of slaves. The poem is the more valuable because among the many phases of negro life in the seventies which he portrayed in his poems, that of the effect of education upon the negroes was lacking; it thus serves to render more complete his already comprehensive and intimate presentation of the unreconstructed free negro.

Defense and Illustration of the Dom Juan of Molière

BERT EDWARD YOUNG

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At the instance of the editor of a new series of French classics, planned for American use by an English publishing house, the writer of this article examined a number of the least known plays of Molière, such as *l'Ecole des maris*, *le Médecin malgré lui* and *Dom Juan*. *L'Ecole des maris* is well thought of by Frenchmen, and formerly had considerable vogue. *Le Médecin malgré lui* is often played today on the French stage, principally as a curtain raiser, and there are one or two inconsiderable annotated editions for the use of English readers. The *Dom Juan* has been played infrequently since its original production in 1665, but is generally very much better known in adaptations and in operatic form than in the original of Molière. So far as I know, there is no adequate edition for the use of even advanced students except the one which appears in the definitive edition of the author's work published by Hachette in Paris.

I have found a very general opinion among French critics that *Dom Juan* should be classed with *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*, and perhaps with *les Femmes savantes*, as one of Molière's three great masterpieces. Thus, Saintsbury classes it as one of the three greatest comedies, and adds that "Dom Juan is of all of Molière's heroes least exposed to the charge of being an abstraction rather than a man." Dowden calls it a "vigorous study of character touched with the light of romance." Victor Cousin in his *Société française au XVII^e siècle* calls this play "the most profound work of Molière, in which he is the equal of Aristophanes, of Shakespeare and of Corneille." Yet it is one of the very least known to those who are not specialists in classical French literature. So far as I know, it has never been accessible to college students in anything except large complete editions of the author's works.

To the average American the title calls up only a certain licentious poem by Byron relating the adventures of a dandy of the Regency period in English history, or else it suggests the immortal opera of Mozart—containing what is perhaps the most su-

perb overture in all opera—a noble expression, it is true, and yet only a graceful musical composition which is far from reproducing the spirit of Molière's drama.

I should not go so far as to say that the play of Molière as it stands is fit to go into the hands of younger students. Yet no one can justly charge that Molière ever wrote anything that was debasing or obscene, when everything is considered. Perhaps, more than any other dramatist, comic or tragic, he kept in mind that the true function of the stage is to improve the manners and morals of the world. Throughout his works there runs a profoundly moral tone, mingled with a melancholy sadness at the follies of mankind. This latter renders him unique among comic satirists. It is grossly unfair to class any one of his plays as an outlaw from good society, and especially one that was meant as a strong protest against the growing immorality of the court of Louis XIV.

The legend of Don Juan (as the name is usually written) has been current in various European countries. In its distribution, its wide appeal, it may be compared to that of *Faustus*. The characters vary according to the country in which the story is found, but generally the protagonist is a profligate nobleman of the later period of chivalry; endowed with high birth and handsome person, wealth and attractive manners, but absolutely devoid of moral integrity. Apparently the story is first crystallized in an ancient chronicle of Seville, where the following incidents are related: "Don Juan Tenorio, a member of an illustrious family belonging to the Twenty-four of Seville, killed one night the Commander Ulloa, after having abducted his daughter. The Commander was buried in the convent of St. Francis, in which his family possessed a chapel. The Franciscan monks desiring to put an end to the debauches of Don Juan, whose distinguished birth protected him from ordinary justice, decoyed him into their monastery one night under pretext of an intrigue and condemned him to death. They then caused the rumor to circulate that Don Juan had come to the chapel and insulted the Commander in his tomb, and that the statue had swallowed him up and carried him off to Hades."

The poets of the olden time preferred to take seriously this version of the prudent Franciscans, and attributed the punishment to the wrath of heaven.

In the first quarter of the seventeenth century Tirso de Molina, a Spanish monk, put the story into a semi-religious romantic drama—*El Burlador de Seville y convidado de piedra*—and this seems to be its first introduction into formal literature.

From Spain the drama passed into other countries. It was a favorite subject of the Italian poets. Fitzmaurice-Kelley finds variants of the story in Picardy, and at points so far apart as Iceland and the Azores. He also recognizes certain elements in the Spanish version that were taken from the French story of Robert the Devil.

To Tirso de Molina, however must be granted the credit of the first incarnation of Don Juan. His drama, *El Burlador de Seville y convidado de piedra*, after being printed at Barcelona in 1630, soon gained popularity and was brought out in Italy, where it was frequently given in pantomime by the Italian actors. Curiously, they accounted for its permanent vogue and potency by saying that Tirso de Molina, the original author, had sold his soul to the devil for fame. By 1657 the story had penetrated into France and was dramatized by Dorimond in 1659, by DeVilliers in 1661, by Molière in 1665, by Rosimond in 1669, and by Thomas Corneille in 1677. It passed then into England, where Shadwell made use of it in 1676, and doubtless others used it later in adapted forms. In Germany the subject appealed to the poets of the Romantic School, and in 1829 Grabbe attempted to unite it with the Faust story in a tragedy called *Don Juan et Faust*, which was produced at Frankfort with some success.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the story made its appeal to the Italians, and Goldoni wrote his *Don Giovanni Tenorio*; and to the Spanish, Zamorra and Espronceda writing reproductions of the original Spanish creation. But the most curious resuscitation of the type of the character in Spain is the protagonist in Zorrilla's *Don Juan Tenorio*, which is still usually played in all large cities in Spain on All Souls' Day, the second of November. While this has come to be regarded as an essentially national work, it is considered by some critics as little more than an adaptation of the elder Dumas' *Don Juan de Morana*, which in its turn is more than a reminiscence of Mérimée's novel *les Ames de purgatoire*.

Thus we see that the legend has had general vogue. Its sustained popularity in European capitals has, doubtless, been due

principally to the great opera of Mozart, which for one hundred and twenty-five years has held its own on the operatic stage.

In 1665, Molière was in a quandary. His *Tartuffe* had got itself produced only to be attacked by the bigots and driven from the stage. This interdiction annoyed the author extremely, for into *Tartuffe* he had put his greatest genius. It is even said that the author was so piqued that he determined to retire from the stage. While he was coming now to the height of his fame and material prosperity, yet the nemesis of ill health and domestic unhappiness had begun to pursue him. Up to the production of *Tartuffe*, the poet had worked almost exclusively for the amusement of Louis XIV and his court. Even for such philistines as Mlle. de la Vallière or the farmer-general Fouquet, he had sacrificed a part of his talent. Feeling that he had need of the practical emoluments and the liberty of action that would accrue to him from political influence and royal favor, he had become a recognized member of the Court. This gave him a very intimate view of all the frivolity, the false politeness, and the profound shallowness that was concealed beneath its glistening exterior.

Forbidden then to go on with the production of *Tartuffe*, and importuned by his actors for a new piece for their theatre, Molière thought he saw a chance to reproduce in a different guise the lesson of his great satire against bigotry and hypocrisy, and to prove his sincerity and moral purpose in writing it by a blast against atheism. He saw in the current legend of Dom Juan (to use his spelling of the name), then being produced on the Parisian stage with a parade of supernatural features, a vastly deeper significance than had yet been brought out; he saw in it an opportunity to write for the "real public and for France," warning them against the growing degeneracy and decay at the top. It is not impossible that the poet, being only human, welcomed another opportunity to attack "ces Marquis" whom he had so ridiculed in the *Impromptu de Versailles* and was to ridicule later in the *Misanthrope*. He had suffered much from the arrogant nobles who failed to understand his worth and treated him as a jester and a servant, not to mention the sensualists who were constantly trying to break up his home.

Examining the subject, Molière saw great possibilities in the theme but little excellence in the treatment then in vogue. The fantastic supernatural element which had been emphasized by

the other troupes failed to appeal to a realist of his type. Nor did he care for the coarse pruriency which cheap actors and Italian clowns made so much of. He saw the possibilities of the plot as a pendant to his *Tartuffe*, as has been pointed out by Victor Cousin. Dom Juan and Tartuffe belong, in fact, to the same family of egotists; one violating boldly human and divine laws, the other violating them in secret. Tartuffe was a poor and humble man, who was trying to raise himself in the world through the pretence of religion; Dom Juan Molière made a proud and brilliant courtier, like the good models all about, a perfect gentleman, an insatiable betrayer of women, without fear of any curb of the law, a man loaded with debts but paying his creditors with words, mocking God and the devil, ridiculing everything, and yet not altogether devoid of a certain reckless bravery and jaunty generosity. Yet the author could not forbear to infringe slightly upon the theme of the *Tartuffe*, and thus toward the last of the play we find the hero becoming an arrant hypocrite. It is inevitable that these two profound and brilliant studies of the false believer and the unbeliever, the bigot and the skeptic, should overlap at certain points.

The principal characters in this play are Dom Juan; Sganarelle, his valet, a foil to the hero, inherited from the Spanish original; Elvire, a lady whom Dom Juan had abandoned after a false marriage; a number of peasant characters; a beggar; the stone statue of the Commander whom Dom Juan had murdered after seducing his daughter. The exposition in Act I gives us all the evil characteristics of Dom Juan from the mouth of his valet. This valet, we may presume, represents the staid and sober morality of the French middle classes, the bourgeoisie which had remained faithful to the religious beliefs and was obstinately hostile to the libertinism of the great nobles. Sganarelle not only tells of the evil ways of his master, but also remonstrates with him directly, and warns him of the outcome. In the second we have the three peasants, two of them being women who have been courted by Dom Juan, and the third being the stupid lover of one of the peasant women. This act contains interesting peasant dialect, of which Molière was one of the first to recognize the dramatic effectiveness. It is such a *patois* as we can hear even today in the vicinity of Paris. Many of the dialect words we can find in George Sand. The double scene between

Dom Juan and the two peasant women, in which he makes love to both of them at the same time, is one of the cleverest pieces of work in dramatic literature. Act III contains a number of good scenes. Sganarelle, the valet, is shown in a doctor's habit, and indulges in some of the satire against physicians that Molière was so fond of. Scene 2 of this act, introducing a beggar, has been highly praised by French critics, especially in its original form. It shows the simple faith and piety of a mendicant, who believes in the goodness of God in the midst of his poverty. The remainder of this act is taken up with the pursuit of Dom Juan by the infuriated brothers of Elvire. At the last part of the act, Dom Juan comes to the tomb of the Commander whose daughter he had deceived, and whom he had finally murdered. Out of pure recklessness, he approaches the tomb of the Commander, salutes his statue and invites him to take supper with him. The Commander nods his head in token of his acceptance. The fourth act brings a merchant, who seeks without result to collect money due him. The father of Dom Juan, who endeavors to draw him back from the primrose path of dalliance, gets well mocked also for his pains as does the unfortunate Elvire who, before taking the veil, comes to give him a final warning. In the fifth act Dom Juan turns hypocrite, and rejoices his old father's heart by professing conversion. In the fifth act comes the powerful passage on hypocrisy that has usually been interpreted as Molière's parting shot at those who had destroyed his *Tartuffe*. From this point on, the end comes quickly, until the moment of his arrival at supper with the statue, when the earth opens, and thunder rolls, and Dom Juan is swallowed up into hell-fire.

Such is the theme of this play. It was put on the stage with elaborate decoration and ran for fifteen profitable performances until Lent 1665. After Easter it was not brought out again. According to the tradition, the king suggested to Molière that it would be better for all parties to suppress the play, and gave him ample indirect compensation for his disappointment.

The play is rather loosely put together, and shows little of the art of construction manifest in *Tartuffe* or in that superb piece of work, *les Femmes savantes*. It is called a comedy, but taken as a whole it is more of a tragedy; the amusing incidents have the effect of bringing out in stronger relief the really somber char-

acter of the play, since Molière contented himself with taking the original melodrama and sketching out a play from it along better and more original lines, and the result is practically only a dramatic sketch, or series of tableaux.

In his recent biography of Molière, a work that will rank as a great contribution to literary criticism, Professor Brander Matthews has made a striking comparison of this work with Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, reminding us that Shakespeare took over an earlier "Hamlet," preserving its plot and elevating it by purging away its baser horrors and by filling it with his own ampler philosophy. He shows that Molière followed a similar course, purging away the supernatural dross and elevating it by a transformation of *Dom Juan* himself. The comparison is an apt one. Molière found a mediæval sensualist and left us the sinister personality of a seventeenth century *grand seigneur mauvais homme*.

It is just because Molière worked such great improvements in the original that his work is deserving of more consideration. He found in the Spanish melodrama a coarse and vulgar hero, who was calculated to draw money into the box-office, but to teach no great lessons. He developed this character from a mere sensualist into one with all the attributes and all the dangerous attractiveness of the debauched marquises and dukes of his time. The traditional Spanish hero was brought back to common humanity and made veracious and natural. A legend which had originated in a mediæval convent and had been perpetuated in the liturgical drama of Spain and Italy was thus broadened out under Molière's hand until it became modern and cosmopolitan.

Molière did much for the story in reducing the importance of the supernatural. As has been well pointed out, he enlists our interest, not in what happened to Dom Juan, but in what he is. The play is in some sort a forerunner of the modern psychological drama, and we can read into it the orderly progression and development of character that is demanded by the modern drama. This is something that practically no other play of the times gives us.

In another respect this play is notable; it is an early excursion into the romantic comedy (or tragedy, if you like). It does not vent its satire directly on society or on individuals, but tells a story poetically in dramatic form, with comic touches. It is from this figure of Don Juan and not from the mediæval hero

that Mozart got his motive, and that such later authors as Mérimée and Alfred de Musset had their conceptions.

No one can say he has taken the measure of Molière until he has studied this play. I do not say that we can read it with refined pleasure. There are passages in it that are more than Rabelaisian. It was not especially congenial to its author. It sheds no particular light upon his own life. Left to his own choice, he would probably have preferred a less fantastic theme, one of concrete reality. From the standpoint of dramaturgy it is a misfit, like every made-over play. It is no more the highest Molière than *Richard III* is the highest Shakespeare. And yet, in spite of all these negatives it is a masterpiece, for it is a bold delineation of an evil human species not yet extinct, drawn by a man who knew his art and his subject, who knew mankind and the world in which he lived, and had the subtlest understanding of it all.

The Nashville Convention and Southern Sentiment of 1850

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Exactly to convey the sentiment of a section or people at any time is well-nigh impossible, and this is especially true now, more than a half century later, with reference to the seething and heterogeneous public opinion of the southern people in 1850. The fact that so little has been written of the southern convention which in June, and again in November of that year, met in Nashville, Tennessee, adds to the difficulty of the task accurately to present today either its historic import or its significance at that time. So far as my efforts at research have led, not one article of more than newspaper importance pertaining to it has ever been placed before the reading public. A careful examination of the files of the papers issued in Nashville and elsewhere during the convention's sessions, of text-books of the period, which for the most part devote anywhere from three or four lines to a page or so to the subject, and of a few other miscellaneous sources, among which is that of private correspondence, which generally draws from memory and is therefore inaccurate, reveals the fact that there was, and is, a vast difference of opinion as to whether the meeting really reflected the southern sentiment generally, or even that of the southern leadership of the time.

It is not the purpose of this paper to review the history of the period, except incidentally, nor even to go far into the detailed discussions which took place in the convention itself; but rather, from a study of all the material available, to show wherein this vast project proposed by Calhoun and Mississippi failed of the purpose for which public sentiment believed it called. In order to make the study interesting, however, it is necessary to go back to the previous year, and see how the convention was the result of congressional discussions.

The long discussed but ever new subject of slavery was vigorously debated in the 1848-9 session of the American congress. Very early in the session a caucus of sixty-nine southern members was called, the outcome of whose discussion was an "Address

to the People of the Southern States," issued January 22, 1849. This caucus and this paper but reflected the leadership—nay, the dominance—of John C. Calhoun, although a study of the record shows that he did meet with strenuous opposition, which slightly amended his vigorous denunciation of all things northern. The "Address" was a plea for unity "among ourselves," for the purpose of resisting any application of the Wilmot Proviso, and for other purposes.

It was the avowed opinion of the Whig element in the caucus—perhaps of the Whig party in the South just at this time—that Mr. Calhoun was bent upon the destruction of the Union, and an independent confederacy. In fact, the only conclusion which could be drawn from the "Address" was that "the honor and duty of self preservation with equal imperiousness required that they protect themselves at whatever cost."* It sounded gloomy indeed; and yet it stated that beyond being "united and ready" it would not be proper to go "at present." Calhoun was a gloomy man: writers have wondered whether he was not simply *afraid* to go further and say the final word. That is a thing which will perhaps never be known. The "Address" did not directly call for a convention, but strongly hinted at the idea as a necessary future resort.

The "Address" was published in the leading newspapers of the South, and found a hearty response in most of them. More and more, the question whether the southern states should join together to resist their aggressive and, as they thought, unscrupulous and greedy neighbors, came to be discussed throughout the section.

Newspapers are powerful moulders of public sentiment, though perforce very often faulty. More authentic expressions are those of the state legislatures. Let us notice some of them, immediately before, and closely following, the publication of the "Address." South Carolina, always in the lead in this matter, on December 15, 1848, had said that "the time for discussion has passed, and this General Assembly is prepared to coöperate with her sister states in resisting the application of the Wilmot Proviso at any and all hazards."† Florida, on January 13, 1849, just before the "Address" was published, had declared herself ready to join other

*Von Holst III, p. 419.

†Rep'ts and Res's of South Carolina, 1848-9; Senate Misc. 30 Cong; 2nd Sess. 1, No. 51.

states "for the defence of our rights, whether through a Southern Convention or otherwise."* Virginia, January 20, 1849, made provision for a special session of the legislature in the case congress should pass the "obnoxious measures now pending."† North Carolina, January 27, 1849, suggested the extension of the Missouri Compromise Line through the new territory over which the debate was raging.‡ Missouri, March 10, 1849, asserted that the action of the North forced the South from the Compromise of 1820, and declared that she was willing to "coöperate with the slave-holding states for mutual protection against Northern fanaticism."§ The action of the legislatures, so nearly uniform in purpose and note, indicates the widespread and general dissatisfaction then existing.

Calhoun and Webster were engaged in the famous debate as to whether the constitution should be extended to the territories. The debate ended without a settlement; and Calhoun, having failed to win a majority of the congress to his view, seemed now more than ever bent upon uniting the entire South in some organized and practical way. It is perhaps generally conceded now that the great chieftain believed secession the inevitable necessity of the South, and thought the sooner it came the better. A study of his private letters to friends in the different states, and those published in newspapers throughout the South, overwhelmingly convinces us that before there was any organized movement or general desire for a convention, he for one believed sincerely that such a meeting was the only definite and practical way of obtaining a united expression of the will of the people of his section.

Perhaps the first definite—though informal—movement, outside of South Carolina, having in view the crystallization of the southern sentiment into some definite outline, took place in May, 1849, just after the publication of the "Address," when there gathered at Jackson, Mississippi, a meeting of citizens for the stated purpose of "protesting against the policy of Congress." The meeting was significant: it issued a call for a *State Convention* to meet in October of that year, to "consider the threatening relations between the North and South." The language of the

*Senate Misc., 30 Cong., second session, 11, No. 58.

†Senate Misc., 30 Cong., second session, 1, No. 48.

‡Senate Misc., 30 Cong., second session, 1, No. 54.

§Senate Misc., 30 Cong., first session, 1, No. 24.

call was general: it did not allude to special grievances, but simply spoke of the "strained relations."

If the above meeting was in itself small and informal, the state convention which met in Jackson in October in response to its call was largely attended and took on a semblance of authority and prestige. It was the united expression by Mississippi Democrats, and by many of the Whigs as well, of their common section's disapproval of national management. Further on I shall devote a paragraph to a treatment of the influence of sectionalism on the two great political parties in the South. The chairman of this meeting was none other than Judge William L. Sharkey, the distinguished chief justice of the state, and a Whig in politics. Being neither a Democrat nor a secessionist, and decidedly and consistently of Union tendencies, he was nevertheless very strongly opposed to congress' removing slavery from the territories.

The chief work of this convention was the issuance of a call—again through an address—to the people of the South to send delegates to meet at Nashville, Tennessee, the following June, with a view and hope of arresting the course of aggression. Now was the hope of Carolina's sage to be realized. The anxiety of the man for just such a meeting has been shown. In a letter* dated July 9, 1849, and written by him at Fort Hill to Colonel C. S. Tarpley, a prominent Mississippian who had written for advice as to the course the October state convention should pursue, he voices that high solicitude. Beyond all doubt he believed now that such a convention was the South's only hope. "I have delayed answering your letter," he said, "that I might more fully notice the development at the North before I gave it. They are more and more adverse to us every day. There has not been a single occurrence since the rising of congress which does not indicate on the part of the North a determination to push the abolition question to the last extreme." Then he states his idea of the purpose of such a convention as that about to meet as being "to put forth, in solemn manner,"—Calhoun was always solemn, mind you—"the cause of our grievances in an address to the other states." His advice was followed, exactly.

It was probably not expected by the Mississippians who called it that the Southern Convention should decide on any definite

**Cong. Globe*, 32 Cong., 1 Sess., Appendix, p. 52.

plan of action; for the address stated that "should the Convention be unable to secure the proper redress", the legislatures of the states injured should call "still more solemn conventions, whose members should be chosen by the people to deliberate, speak and act, with *all the sovereign power of the people*." From these small conventions there might be "yet a *final* convention of all those injured states to provide a separate government for their separate existence, apart from the North."

I think we may conclude from this that the state convention which called the Nashville meeting was characterized by a hesitation and fear of going too far; an anxiety for discussion and resolutions with a wider geographical approval than that of any state; an undercurrent of supreme solicitude, seeking sanction from sister states, and not yet ready to break out into actions of defense.

In the interim between the calling of the convention in October of 1849 and June, 1850, the conflict of ideas and the consequent ferment of thought among the people of the South perhaps reached its culmination for the period of which I write. It is very interesting to note how the proposed convention was looked upon, first, by the people of the South, and then by the North, and at the nation's capital. From the newspaper discussion in the South between October and January, 1850, I think we may conclude that southern leadership approved the idea, and looked forward with interest, perhaps with zest, to a meeting which they thought at last would bring relief to their condition. I say the *leadership*, because the masses knew very little indeed of the proposed convention, or of its purposes, and of those who did only a small per cent had any inclination in the matter one way or the other. And by the last of March perhaps the feeling for the convention had very nearly, if not quite, subsided among the editors themselves; for out of the sixty newspapers published in the ten slave-holding states at that time, not more than fifteen gave it active support.*

Further, the lack of regularity in the election of the delegates in the different states does not give one a very high impression of the convention. It lacked the prestige of state authority. The governors in their messages to their legislatures, in most cases, sounded a note of fear, and expressed the hope of some kind of

*Rhodes, Vol. 1, p. 174.

pre- or extra-convention adjustment. Most of the states were represented there by men informally chosen by call meetings or adjourned sessions of the legislatures, thinly attended,—elections unmarked by the formality of high authority, and characterized by the laxity of indifference. Outside of two or three of the southern states—South Carolina, Mississippi and perhaps Georgia—there was very little anxiety for it, as the time for assembling approached. In those states, however, mass meetings were held in almost every county, and most of these seem to have expressed themselves as radically in favor, not only of the convention's meeting, but of the adoption by it of a definite programme of resistance. In Virginia and Tennessee meetings were held denunciatory in nature. Several years before some one had proposed a southern convention to consider the question of the annexation of Texas, and the proposal gained currency in the newspapers that it be held either in Richmond or Nashville; and the newspapers alike of the two cities had disclaimed and hooted at it. An examination of some private letters and the files of the Nashville papers for the days just preceding the assembling, reveal the fact that public sentiment in the city of Nashville did not strongly favor it. On June the first some citizens of the county (Davidson) held a mass meeting at the Court House* to consider the Clay measures just introduced in Congress, and stated in a resolution that "it is the sense of this meeting that the provisions of said resolutions offer as fair and equitable adjustment of the dangerous questions as their embarrassing nature admits of . . . they are calculated to restore peace and harmony". The meeting closed with a toast and three cheers for the Union. The toast was: "The Union forever under the guarantees of the constitution." This meeting was of sufficient importance to be lauded in most of the state and county papers. The Nashville Convention was a child come to be nursed upon the breast of an unwilling parent.

It may be said with safety that the North neither knew nor cared much about the Nashville meeting before it assembled. True, there were mass meetings, many of them expressive of approval of the compromise measures, and in many parts of the North: but the people generally, as in the South, were little interested. At Washington, however, there *was* interest, of course;

**Republican Banner and Nashville Whig*, June 1, 1850.

and the southern convention about to meet at Nashville was looked upon as a movement directly and immediately for disunion. Thousands of people doubtless thought that the southerners would actually withdraw in this convention. At the nation's capital it was the excitant of gloomy forecasts and awful fears. Mr. Webster alluded to it in his seventh of March speech. He intimated that if any persons should assemble at Nashville "for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of the Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson, that old hero would turn in his coffin."

The delegates began to arrive at Nashville on June 2, the day before the convening of the assembly. They continued to come in for two or three days. The first meeting was held on the afternoon of June 3, the time being taken up by the election of officers. Hon. A. V. Brown, of Mississippi, called the convention to order, and Judge Sharkey, the eminent chairman of the former convention in his state the previous October, was chosen president. Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia, was elected vice-president.

It is not my purpose to go in great detail into all the wrangles which took place in the convention's sessions, but rather to make a study of the motives and intent of the delegates assembled, and an attempt to answer the question whether they were representative of the popular feeling at the time. Perhaps Judge Sharkey sounded the key-note of the convention's purpose in his speech accepting the presidency. But whether he voiced the feeling of the majority of the delegates, seems not now to be definitely ascertainable:—there is a strong probability that he did not. He stated that the purpose of the meeting was to obtain relief from the "violations of the Constitution which the North had made, and to *perpetuate* the Union, not *destroy* it. It had met, he said, "to devise a remedy for the evils under which the South is laboring." But his speech was marked by noticeable brevity: he made no detailed explanation of those "evils". There is no record of any tumultuous cheering having greeted his remarks. And yet, to the fanaticism of many people, North and South, who took the convention to be the immediate forum for expressions of rabid radicalism, Judge Sharkey's published speech came with a shock of surprise, if not of disappointment.

The second day's session was taken up with the presentation

of their credentials by the delegates. It is interesting to note the personnel of a meeting like the Nashville Convention. The assembly numbered many influential, widely-known men. In addition to Judge Sharkey, there were present men like Governor Henderson of Texas, ex-Governor McDonald and M. J. Crawford of Georgia, Judge Wilkinson of Mississippi, General Pillow of Tennessee, Colonel Pickens of South Carolina, General Walker and John A. Campbell, of Alabama, the last named afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the venerable Cheves of South Carolina, the compatriot and rival forty years before, of Calhoun and Clay, who had not left for a quarter of a century the quiet of private life;—men of the highest position in their states, of broad views, and of the strictest integrity. The presence and counsel of men of this type would give dignity to any meeting. Some, no doubt, had come with a view to preventing extreme action. Individuals from nine of the southern states took their seats.

After a debate as to the method of voting in the convention, in which it was decided that votes should be cast by states, the opening of the third day's session brings to us the first discussion of any really definite plan for the carrying out of the purposes of the convention. Mr. Campbell, of Alabama, had prepared resolutions and now read them. His sentences were marked by caution and prudence. They were condemnatory of the Wilmot Proviso, but advised no method of resistance, in the confident hope that congress would not adjourn without a settlement of the questions in dispute. "The territories of the United States belong to the people of the several states . . . as common property. Whatever the states call property the federal government should recognize as such. . . . On this principle alone will the difficulties under which the South labors be removed, and the questions of territories and of boundaries will lose their sectional aspect and significance." The resolution went on to predict that the controversy would be ended and conciliation and harmony effected, either by a northern recognition of the South's constitutional rights, or by an equal partition of the disputed territory between the North and South. Thus we see that, while positive, the resolutions of Mr. Campbell bore no semblance of finality. "The convention has no right to conclude," he stated,

"that congress will adjourn without making an adjustment of the controversy."

Fortunate it would have been, if all the delegates had agreed with him. It is appropriate here to speak of the cause of the internal dissensions which marked, sometimes dangerously, the debates—the difference in belief existing between the two parties represented in the convention. Certainly one of the most interesting subjects of study of the period is that of the influence of sectionalism upon the membership of the old political parties of the time. In the caucus debate preceding the issuance of the "Address" of 1849, the Whigs had openly and vigorously declared that they would not give their consent to the formation of a strictly southern party until they were ready to dissolve the Union. One of their members drew up resolutions modifying the tone of Calhoun's message from that of "passionate complaint and threatening challenge to that of urgent appeal to the patriotism and fair-mindedness of the North."* To be sure, this was rejected by the Democratic majority of the caucus, and Calhoun's challenge was adopted with but few alterations; but only one Whig voted for it. Hodgson, in his "Cradle of the Confederacy", points out that the mass meetings preparatory to the convention were participated in by "States Rights Whigs" as well as Democrats, although the great bulk of the protestants came from the Democratic ranks. The Whigs for the most part were content to remain quiet and await the issue.†

The term "States Rights Whigs" indicates a breach in the ranks of the "grand old party" of Henry Clay. To some extent the sectional feeling was cleaving the party in twain; but evidently the Whigs in the Nashville Convention were filled with no great desire to accept bodily and without dispute the Democratic theories. Perhaps the most heated debate took place, on June tenth, over resolutions relative to the more stringent enforcement by the North of the Fugitive Slave Law. The wrangle lasted for several hours, until the prospect for any united action seemed dim indeed. But the more sanguine—perhaps the more distinguished men of the group—threw themselves heroically into the breach, urging the blotting out of all party lines in the South. "There should be no Democrats, no Whigs, when the matter of protect-

*Von Holst III, p. 421.

†Hodgson's "Cradle of the Confederacy," p. 278.

ing the rights and liberties of the South is concerned", passionately exclaimed one of the delegates. Colonel Colquit, one of the more radical of the delegates, suddenly springing to his feet, cried out that all should immediately "go to moulding bullets for the common cause." He was one of the extremists himself; but his words seemed to have, in that instance, the effect of bringing the parties to terms of agreement. "The South should stand for equality in the Union, or independence out of it", was the slogan by which, for the time, the Whigs were brought "within the pale".

Beyond passing for publication certain resolutions and providing for another meeting of the delegates "on the sixth Monday after Congress adjourns", the first session of the Nashville Convention accomplished nothing. Briefly stated, the resolutions are as follows:

The states have equal rights in the territories;

The Wilmot Proviso is unconstitutional;

The Fugitive Slave Law must be enforced;

The convention has met to "take counsel" as to what course the South should pursue for the maintenance of her rights, liberties, and honor. But congress has taken no action, and therefore we must meet again when we can better carry out the purpose for which called;

The states are earnestly exhorted to send delegates from every county to the next convention;

The dignity and importance of the situation in this country makes this convention no ordinary occasion. The constitution is to be preserved, and our liberties and institutions maintained.

The convention adjourned on the twelfth. Old McKendree church, the central home of Southern Methodism, in which the sessions were held, had taken on the added significance of historic interest.

The weeks which followed the adjournment of the convention were a period of suspense, of anxiety, awful and intense, to southern leadership. Nor did the feeling of unrest die out entirely when Fillmore succeeded Taylor and signed the last of the compromise measures on September twentieth. Thousands had hoped that the measures would fail of passage, that the South would thereupon secede, and set up an independent government. In the North the abolitionists denounced the proposed Fugitive Slave Law as a violation of morality. The Free Soilers objected to the application of any compromise measure to the new

territory. And the obstinacy of northern anti-slavery men was met by an equivalent obstinacy at the South. The Southern Rights Association denounced the compromise. In South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, it was pretty generally hoped that the plan would fail, since the secessionists believed that now was the time to strike.

On the other hand the dominant, though for a while suppressed, sentiment of the southern people was heartily in favor of the compromise. This was the undercurrent of patriotism in the South. Beyond a doubt, if we may take the voice of the newspapers as reflecting that of the people, the vast majority of southerners sincerely hoped that the sharpening axe of sectionalism might be forever buried. Throughout the session the question arose as to whether the adjourned convention at Nashville should come together. It resolved itself into the question whether the compromise bills really compromised and settled the difficulties satisfactorily. Divergent views were rife. An article in the issue for October first of the *Republican Banner and Nashville Whig* discussing the question, was rather vitriolically opposed to the adjourned session. "Congress has acted with wisdom in the passage of the bills of Mr. Clay. The papers all over the South have been emphasizing the failure of the June session itself to accomplish anything. Much less should anything be expected of an adjourned session, after relief has already come."*

Nevertheless, a few of the delegates were anxious to come together again for further discussion of the differences. The sixth Monday after the adjournment of congress would place the date of the coming session for November eleventh. On November first an editorial in the *Republican Banner and Nashville Whig* predicted that only a handful of delegates would be present. Then on the twelfth, the day after the well forecasted "handful" assembled, the paper stated that the "so-called Southern Convention met yesterday in the Christian church, and including spectators numbered ninety-five persons—a slim body to pose as the Atlas of the South."† Delegates from only South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Tennessee were present, and of these the entire Tennessee delegation and part of the number from Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, had come for the

**Republican Banner and Nashville Whig*, Oct. 1, 1850.

†*Republican Banner and Nashville Whig*, Oct. 12, 1850.

purpose of checking instead of encouraging the secession movement. If the June convention had been a failure in the eyes of some, the November one was to prove still more disappointing. It suffered the additional humiliation of the refusal of men of prominence to return; for men of the Sharkey type, who had been the leaders in the former session, were conspicuous by their absence. It was Judge Sharkey who, the next year, organized a Whig-Democrat, anti-secession party in Mississippi, and referring the matter of disunion to a popular vote, had it overwhelmingly repudiated by the people of the state. The very fact that such men withdrew their support from the adjourned session had a tendency to take away the dignity which the convention had possessed in June. The number of delegates was extremely small. They were as follows: Virginia, 1; Georgia, 11; Alabama, ?; Florida, 4; Mississippi, 8; South Carolina, 16; Tennessee, 14.*

Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia, a secessionist in belief and vice-president of the former meeting, took the chair upon the assembling of the delegates, and the next day was made president. In his speech of acceptance may be heard the note of a majority of the delegates present: "The hope that our labors of June would cause the whole matter to be remedied and peace restored has been miserably shattered. Everything depends upon the Constitution remaining unchanged and unbroken. It is the great temple of our religious and political liberty. Unless it be rescued from the violent machinations of those men"—the Northern leaders—"it will be destroyed. I do not speak to excite sentiment. It requires wisdom, moderation and courage to meet the crisis. Shall we rest quietly, seeing the approaching dissolution, and adopt no measures of safety if it must come? No; we must guard ourselves in so just a cause". No doubt that those men believed very strongly that the "approaching dissolution . . . must come."

The session adjourned on the eighteenth. The resolutions which it passed expressed an attachment to a constitutional union, but emphatically declared the right of any state to secede. They further recommended to the southern states that they refuse to go into any national convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency of the United States "until the constitutional rights of the South should be secured". Lastly, they recommended that the South go into a

*Clusky's Political Text-Book, p. 598.

"big" convention, to meet at Montgomery, Alabama, at some time in the near future, and urged that delegates to "twice the number of representatives now in congress from the South" be sent to this meeting, empowered to "represent their states in sovereign capacity." The fatal inability and lack of authorization of the Nashville Convention was thus revealed in the implied admission of its own failure to represent the states "in sovereign capacity". Something bigger and more authoritative must be found to serve as the mouth-piece of southern "sovereign" states.

Extreme as the adjourned session doubtless seems, yet the preamble to its resolutions stated that "we make no aggressive move. We stand upon the defensive. We invoke the spirit of the constitution, and claim its guarantees. Our rights—our independence—the peace and existence of our families, depend upon the issue." But in it all we can but detect the subdued threat and hear the muttered determination of the men who claimed that they were brave enough to come to Nashville again and stand up and defend the southern people, if other leaders would not.

Even in this adjourned session, as I have intimated, there was opposition to the spirit which is breathed in the resolutions whose substance has been stated. The Tennessee delegates, again headed by General Pillow, protested with all their might against the adoption of the resolutions and declared the whole proceeding to be "unhallowed and unworthy of Southern men."^{*} They proposed resolutions expressive of satisfaction with the compromise measures as the best possible "present" remedy for the ills, and while demanding that "all agitations on the part of the North, upon the subject of slavery, shall instantly cease," yet went no further than to propose, in case of dire extremity, commercial non-intercourse with the North; but their resolution failed overwhelmingly. Highly offended, the Tennesseans retaliated by holding on the twenty-third, five days after the adjournment of the convention, a great Union mass meeting at Nashville which was characterized by "unanimity and great enthusiasm," and led by such distinguished men as Hon. Andrew Ewing and Hon. A. J. Donaldson.

The convention, in fact, met with strenuous opposition in all parts of the South. Men like Senator Foote, Judge Sharkey,

^{*}*Harpers New Monthly Magazine*, Jan., 1851, p. 268.

Alexander Stephens and Robert Toombs were heroically striving to mould the sentiment of the masses into acquiescence with the compromise measures. In Georgia a state convention was called to which a large majority of Union men were elected by the voters. Even in South Carolina the Union party exhibited unexpected strength. The people there were by no means unitedly for secession. In Alabama the outcry against slavery and the slave power was attributed by a leading element of a convention simply to the electioneering schemes of northern politicians. This convention, held at Montgomery, was dominated by such men as Benjamin S. Bibb, Thomas Judge, and Thomas H. Watts, and expressed a warm and confident attachment to the Union. In Arkansas, the governor strongly recommended to the legislature that resolutions of acquiescence be adopted. A great Union meeting was held at Staunton, Virginia, presided over by Colonel James Crawford. A strong letter from Mr. Webster, who had been invited to speak, encouraging acquiescence in the compromise was read, and with great effect. Resolutions were adopted, declaring the readiness of those assembled to "meet all good citizens of every section and of every party on the platform of the Constitution, the Compromise and the Union." I have mentioned the stern repudiation of secession in Mississippi in the election of Senator Foote as Governor over A. V. Brown. Sharkey, on November fourteenth, while the adjourned session was being held at Nashville, made a speech at Vicksburg, which was largely attended and widely commented upon, urging his fellow-citizens to "boost the Union—the nation as one people—and hope for a return of fraternal relations."

The adjourned session threw a shadow over the respectability of the June assembly, which itself was dignified and imposing. "The Nashville Convention, and the meetings of the Southern members of Congress," says Henry Wilson, "did not accomplish all their sanguine movers aimed at. But they indicated clearly the state and drift of the Southern mind, and . . . revealed the widespread sentiments and feelings of defection, the gravity of the issues at stake, the dangers which threatened the prosperity of the nation, and the practical difficulties of the hour."* But the November session should never be confused in the mind of the student of the period with the June session. With the former it is

*Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," Vol. III, p. 2.

safe to say that not one-tenth of the southern leadership was in sympathy. An editorial which appeared in the *Republican Banner and Nashville Whig* of the thirteenth,* the day after it met declared that the members of the session wanted nothing less than a southern confederacy, thus breaking the Union: but that *Tennessee* believed the sentiment of the sage of the Hermitage: "The Union: it must be preserved." And at this time, i. e., just after the compromise measures had been passed, this was undoubtedly the "state and drift" of the mind of southern leadership. And the adjourned session of the Nashville Convention was but the refuge of a still frightened band—claiming bravery, nevertheless—who thought that they foresaw the doom of the South's interests in the Union. It was rumored that the president of the United States would forcibly put the convention down, but that was unnecessary,—the South itself put it down.

Yes; "a few men met in November," again; "but to call that a Southern convention, or to say that the South had any active participation in it—preposterous!"† It was a huge disappointment—the half-hearted rallying together of a few upright but scared visionaries, far from representative of the southern sentiment. It was not the Nashville Convention of 1850, as here and there a boasting southerner, still straggling on the high road to nationality, proclaims, but rather the compromise measures that the November session of the convention opposed, which postponed for ten years the fratricidal strife.

**Republican Banner and Nashville Whig*, Nov. 13, 1850.

† DeBow's Review, Editorial Department, July, 1850.

Life and Adventure in the Far East

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For this time of the year, which is a vacation period almost everywhere, many persons are in search of entertaining books of story or narrative variety, and just now, therefore, there is a great sale of ephemeral novels that, unfortunately, are based largely on exaggerated social or economic conditions, or that deal with so-called problems, which are of purely temporary interest and of little importance. While it is but natural that for recreation we do not choose philosophical or analytical studies, it is unfortunate that at any time so many worthless books should be read, especially when better books, equally entertaining and immensely more profitable, are to be had. Such a book is undoubtedly the recently published two volume work by Mr. John Dill Ross.* The author is an Englishman of long and varied experiences as a man of affairs in the Far East. His ancestors also lived there and played their part in shaping the course of events in that section of the world. Consequently, what he has to say of those lands and peoples has the weight of first-hand knowledge.

The story of Mr. Ross's book is the career of John Dillon Northwood, a trading English sea-captain, and that of his son, of the same name, till illness forced the latter to leave the Orient. The captain's life was spent in the Malay or East Indian Archipelago at a time when pluck and energy backed by shrewdness, honesty, and bravery brought to the individual a rich harvest of reward. His successful career as told in the book has in it much of romance and adventure that appeals especially to us of this age which is lacking somewhat in manly and martial virtues. He was equal to any emergency and was thwarted by no obstacles. Thus, he could skillfully handle to his own advantage querulous and narrow-minded government officials when he found that by accident he had carried away in his ship the wife of the leading Dutch planter of a parish, and in the end derive only profit out of the predicament that promised ruin to his trade; he could also fight pirates to a finish, though they were led by a chief who was believed to

*Sixty Years: Life and Adventure in the Far East. 2 volumes. By John Dill Ross. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company 1912, 775 pp.

be invulnerable, and by a clever, though dangerous, elevation of his cannon send the pirate chief to destruction. And when after disaster had befallen him through the too ambitious undertakings of his son and through the rascality of a shrewd Yankee ship-captain who led the firm to ruin, though for a while his spirits were at low ebb, he finally triumphed again by taking advantage of the easy consciences of French officials in charge of French colonial affairs during a native rebellion. He died the proud Englishman that he had lived, happy in the esteem of his patrons who gladly gave him their business in spite of all tricks of competitors, and could boast that he had become the pioneer of English trade with Borneo. Though his career cannot be compared with that of the well known Englishman Brooke, whose enduring and patriotic work in saving part of the great island of Borneo to the English is sketched so effectively in the introduction to the book, his story is well worth telling as that of one of those typical English traders who have done so much to establish English commerce all over the world. That his line of ships should on his death fall into the hands of a German firm seems but prophetic of what is going on in so many places where the English and the Germans are entering into competition. The Germans by patience and organization are wresting control of trade out of the hands of the English who have so long held it.

But the real hero of the book is young Northwood, and his career is described in detail. One feels that he represents the author himself. We learn of his birth and of his childhood spent in the Singapore of the earlier days, of his schooling and doings in London, his return to the East and later adventurous career as successful merchant trader, his financial ruin, his plucky rise again as employee of several large English firms till he obtained a position of great importance and responsibility. His story contains varied and various love affairs of the most romantic sort, narrow escapes from storms and wrecks on coral reefs, struggles with mutinous crews, cruises along the enchanting shores of the beautiful Spice Islands and experiences off lovely Turnate when the island was being racked by volcanic eruptions and the sea was red with fire. His employment in various capacities by large business firms and development companies brings him sooner or later in contact with all sorts and conditions of men of every race to be found in that interesting part of the world. His

travels extended over all lands in the Orient and his observations and experiences are related in detail in his book. All of this is told in a style that makes the narrative most entertaining reading. Starting with the great prestige of his father's name and the advantage of his wealth, young Northwood is too confident of his ability and acquires through sad experience the valuable lesson of learning to judge human nature before relying on all of its representatives. But when thrown on his own resources he "makes good" in adversity by dint of his own native ability, energy, and sound honesty. He, like his father, is a most human character, and their careers are not unlike those of many self-made Americans.

But the work is far more than a biography. Mr. Ross has attempted to depict as a background for his story the vanished manners and customs and the immensely changed conditions of the European colonies in the Archipelago. In other words, he would be both biographer and historian. Histories of so vast an empire as the British, however full, cannot deal satisfyingly with all the changes and their causes in its far off and neglected spots. Thus, Singapore in its pioneer days with the adjacent islands and ports belonging to the different European and Asiatic powers and with consequently easily aroused friction, with conditions rapidly changing as interests more and more converge there, with conflicting racial points of view and customs, with various religions acting and reacting on each other, and all this at a time when the individual was more or less left a free hand—such a background is surely well worth reproducing. It may be that Mr. Ross has not succeeded entirely in making it all live again before our eyes, perhaps because of his personal interest in the story he is telling. We do not learn enough of religious conditions and practically nothing is said of education. But there is enough to cause one to forgive such omissions. Greater completeness would have drawn the work out to unmanageable length.

While we enjoy the interesting glimpses of the novel and patriarchal life of the Dutch descendants on their plantations, and good descriptions of the natural scenery of lands and seas little known to us, and while we feel interested in the foods and drinks peculiar to the country, it is, naturally, the contact of European with Oriental civilization that offers most to us. The natives of the Archipelago are, for the most part, described as untrustworthy

and indolent. Many of them are treacherous and cruel. The influence of their European masters seems to have had little effect on them. The Chinese are imported as laborers, since the natives have proved extremely unsatisfactory. The coolies are organized and managed in general despotically by Chinese bosses, on whom the European is utterly dependent. Young Northwood's experiences in dealing with such a labor situation prove good and instructive reading. Profitable business undertaking in that part of the world must depend on skillful handling of the labor situation. That native and Chinese labor, when unprotected from such high-handed representatives, is often cruelly treated by short-sighted business men is revealed in the book where we are told that farm-laborers were denied mere covering though ill, and dying from the lack of it. The picture is truly dismal in the extreme. One feels that with humane and wise treatment of labor great fortunes might be made from the cheap sago flour industry and from mining. But the deadly fevers and other diseases that infest the forests must first be got rid of through wise sanitary measures.

From a political standpoint the conduct of the Dutch during their campaign in the Island of Lombok, undertaken on humanitarian grounds, is interesting. That such cruelty and barbarity could be shown in our age is hardly thinkable. It only confirms the belief that racial hatred is exceedingly hard to allay and that when stirred it stops at no extremes. Such facts also show how very much there still remains to be done in the way of bringing about peace and good will in the earth.

Likewise, we get from this book some idea of the great extent of the islands of this Archipelago, of whose ownership we seldom think. In time to come, no doubt, they will be the scene of great conflict when overcrowded countries are forced to seek more territory. How easy it would be and yet what changes it might involve in world history if, for example, Germany should see fit to take from the tiny European state of the Netherlands its vast empire of islands here which are known as the Netherland Indies! All of this we feel keenly from Mr. Ross's book.

Young Northwood's final work in the Orient was done during our war in the Philippines. From his point of view the conduct of the Americans was barbarously cruel and, even when not cruel, sadly lacking in wisdom. While not especially pleasing to us,

such criticism based on personal observation has in it, no doubt, much truth. Now that we have the responsibility of caring for the Filipinos and of developing the great resources of their islands, we might profit much from studying the history of European conduct of affairs in the Malay Archipelago. And Mr. Ross's book touches here and there interesting points on the possessions of all the European countries in those islands that are so near the Philippines and naturally not very different in conditions from them.

Charles Brantley Aycock

EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS

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Charles Brantley Aycock was born in Wayne County, near Fremont, N. C., November 1, 1859. There were no high school facilities in his neighborhood at that time and he was sent away from home to receive his college preparatory training, first at Fremont, then at Wilson and finally at Kinston. He felt keenly this lack of school facilities for other boys of his acquaintance who were not able to attend a boarding school with him, and, when he became the champion of universal education, it was the memory of those early days that gave him the subject and material for his brilliant appeal to the conscience of the state.

In 1876 he entered the University of North Carolina and in his junior year he made his first public address in the interest of education. After graduating in 1880 he read law and the following year he received his license and settled in Goldsboro. Although he had chosen the legal profession, destiny had decided that his greatest work was to be in promoting universal education. In July after he had located in Goldsboro he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wayne County. It was then that he began to study at first hand the educational opportunities of his native county.

At that time the rural schools were running barely three months; the school houses were rough one-room buildings, frequently made of logs; there were as a rule no desks whatever, only rough seats frequently without backs, and the professional qualification of the teachers was about on a plane with the building and equipment. In his own home town there was no public school save the two and a half or three months annual session that met in an airy, dilapidated building. The young lawyer-superintendent began his campaign then and there. He canvassed his county but concentrated his energies at Goldsboro, where he talked and wrote until the community was stirred, and the following year Goldsboro established a system of schools. The young lawyer became chairman of the board of trustees, a service he continued to render for nearly twenty years.

His political career began in 1888 when he became a candidate

for presidential elector on the democratic ticket. It was in this capacity that he canvassed the state and won much fame as a political debater. In 1892 he was chosen one of the electors at large. His brilliant campaign made him the leader of the young men and won for him the distinction of being the most brilliant orator of the state. This was a great democratic year in national politics. Grover Cleveland was elected for a second term and in the following year Charles B. Aycock was appointed United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina. The period from 1893 to 1900 was one of great political discontent. The old line parties became very much broken up; a third party arose, and the democratic party that had had control of the state since 1876 lost its power. For four years a new party was in control; but in 1900 Charles Brantley Aycock was the recognized spokesman of a new declaration of rights, the right of intelligence, not ignorance, to rule, and the right of every child regardless of race or color to become an intelligent being. This declaration marked a new era in North Carolina. Aycock was nominated unanimously for governor of the state. The constitution, providing an educational qualification for voting, was adopted, and the eloquent champion of universal education was elected governor with the largest majority ever given a gubernatorial candidate. Universal education was the theme of his addresses during his memorable campaign, and it was likewise the subject of his inaugural address, and before the first year of his administration had passed he organized in his office a systematic educational campaign that has continued for over ten years.

When Governor Aycock began his administration there were not fifty public schools out of a total of nearly ten thousand in the whole state of North Carolina running four months in the year. Not over thirty of the largest and wealthiest towns or cities in the state had provided any schools for the children. But today there are more than twelve hundred such districts running from eight to ten months. Several counties have terms ranging from seven to eight months, while the average term for all the schools is over five months. The value of the city school property alone is double the value of the total school property in 1900, and rural schools today have equipments better than the best city schools possessed in 1900.

At the close of his administration Governor Aycock returned to Goldsboro a private citizen. However, he was immediately elected a member of the trustees of the Goldsboro Public Schools, the last public office that he ever held. In 1908 he moved to Raleigh to enlarge his legal practice. But he continued to respond to invitations to speak at teachers' assemblies and other public gatherings in the interest of universal education. In fact his last words were those delivered before the Alabama Teachers' Assembly in Birmingham, April 5th, 1912. He was speaking to a tremendous audience when the final summons came. He stopped and fell to the floor. But he was dead before medical aid could be secured.

This sketch tells briefly the stages by which Charles Brantley Aycock, North Carolina's "Educational Governor," rose to immortality. But it can not tell, and no biography of the man can relate fully, the passion of his soul when discussing a political issue or pleading for universal education. His greatest addresses are unpublished, and will never be published because he was greatest when speaking to an audience of country people. Being himself a farmer's son, and realizing the poor educational advantages of the rural districts, since he had to be sent away from home to receive his high school education, he felt keenly the lack of opportunities to the country boy and girl, and his life was devoted to the task of increasing these opportunities. It was appropriate, therefore, that the last words uttered by him should be on universal education.

"Oh, my friends, I thank God Almighty, who is no respecter of persons, that you cannot get the best for your boy and your girl until you are ready to give the best to my boy and to my girl. You can take that boy of yours and send him through the schools, send him through the college, send him through the university, send him abroad, bring him back home, head and shoulders above his friends and neighbors, but he won't be very high when he is head and shoulders above his neighbors, if his friends and neighbors are ignorant and untaught and weak. You cannot get the best out of your boy unless other people's boys are educated nearly or quite as well as your boy."^{*}

As Bishop Kilgo said of him in his funeral oration—"Charles Brantley Aycock was no common man." He chose the law for

^{*}From his Birmingham address.

his profession and politics for his larger forum. But his profession was not large enough to contain his spirit, and his forum would have been too narrow had it provided only for a discussion of political issues. He believed that the Almighty had made it possible for every child to rise if man would only give it the opportunity, and, if it did not rise, man and not God Almighty was to blame. Therefore in his public addresses, whether discussing the tariff, internal improvements, social conditions, or universal education, his theme was still the same:

"Equal! That is the word! On that word I plant myself and my party—the equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity 'to bourgeon out all that there is within him.'"

It was this overflowing human sympathy that made him the friend of all men, and beloved by all. He so stirred the state in 1900 by his brilliant and passionate appeal to the conscience of the people that it is the most talked of campaign in North Carolina today. He was appealing to mankind in the interest of a better citizenship, and the citizenship *is* better today; and no man experienced a keener delight in our rapid development than this man who was most influential in this development.

It is a great thing for a state to produce one such man, and it is equally as great a thing for a state to have a conscience that can be aroused by the touch of such a man. Our industrial progress pays him a tribute; the credit of the state speaks of his wisdom; every school house is a monument to his memory; and every professionally trained teacher who quickens the spirit of a little child pays him a debt of gratitude.

BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND, 1558-1718. By Wallace Notestein, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of History in the University of Minnesota. Prize Essays of the American Historical Association, 1909. Washington, The American Historical Association, 1911, pp. 442.

Witchcraft is a subject which has always interested both the general reader and the serious student of social phenomena, but a mass of misinformation and misunderstanding has grown up about it because it has seldom received careful attention from scientific historical investigators. An important and valuable contribution to our knowledge of this subject has now been made by Professor Wallace Notestein in his "History of Witchcraft in England, 1558-1718." This work treats of two closely related topics, a narrative of the witch trials with their attendant circumstances during this period and a discussion of contemporary opinion about witchcraft. It was first begun as an essay submitted at Yale University in partial requirement for the doctorate of philosophy, then it was awarded by the American Historical Association the Adams Prize in European history. As now published it has received the scholarly supervision of Professor George L. Burr of Cornell. This long and careful evolution should lend weight to the author's conclusions and be considered as one of the many evidences of his painstaking scholarship.

Witchcraft was no survival of the Middle Ages, and this is especially true for England. From Anglo-Saxon times to the fifteenth century, while witchcraft was not unknown to the statute books, there were relatively very few cases of witch persecutions and the jurisdiction in such cases was unfixed, the particular circumstances of the case generally determining whether it should come before a secular or an ecclesiastical court. With wisdom therefore Professor Notestein begins his study with the opening of Elizabeth's reign when the agitation was begun for that statute, passed in 1563, which made witchcraft a felony and thus opened the era of punishment of witchcraft as a secular crime. This statute was due to the return of the Marian exiles steeped in Calvinistic theology, to the plots against the queen's life, and to the ignorance of a people believing in magic, conjurers,

etc. From the moment of the passage of this act the superstitious belief in witches began to spread and the government acquired sole jurisdiction in cases concerning them. From contemporary pamphlets, or chapbooks, from the court records, from memoirs and diaries, from newspapers of the time and from the works of local historians and antiquarians the author has unearthed the curious and oft-times gruesome details of the trials of witches and sketched the ebb and flow of witch persecutions. These persecutions reached their height in the Presbyterian communities at the time of the Civil War. This was due, it is explained, to professional witch-hunters who took advantage of the popular excitement and alarm in the general state of anarchy of the time. The publication of Francis Hutchinson's book, in 1718, which dealt the last great blow to this superstition, is used to end this study, although the last witch-hanging in England occurred in 1682, as the author conclusively proves, ten years before the American outbreak at Salem.

In his discussion of contemporary opinion concerning witchcraft Professor Notestein has not confined himself to those writers who took up cudgels either for or against the belief in witches, but he has painstakingly examined the writings of contemporaneous theologians, dramatists, jurists and others who throw light on the opinion of the day. In so doing he has proved most satisfactorily (although he does not mention the fact) that Professor George L. Kittredge's statements that the belief in witchcraft was "practically universal in the seventeenth century, even among the educated" and "no more discreditable to a man's head or heart than to believe in spontaneous generation or to be ignorant of the germ theory of disease" are untenable.

To complete his admirable and extremely interesting work, the author has added three valuable appendices, one a critical examination of the pamphlet literature, the second, a list of persons sentenced to death for witchcraft during the reign of James I., and the third, a list of the cases of witchcraft, 1558-1718, with references to sources and literature.

Smith College.

JOHN C. HILDT.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. THE CONCLUDING PART OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O. M. Vol. I. New York, London, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1912,—xi, 311 pp.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan set out early in life to tell two stories, one of the American Revolution and the other of Charles James Fox, a notable figure in the history of England's part in that revolution. Apparently he has now become weary of both tasks and has decided to give them a short shrift rather than to leave them unfinished. One cannot help a feeling of regret that he did not go on with them when he could have brought a keener zest and more pains to his labor. Perhaps no figure in modern English history stands in greater need of a biographer than Fox. In spite of the fact that he held office for only a short time he played a part in the politics of his day and generation that was destined to be fruitful in its effects on the future. But no student has yet appeared to clear away the vituperation and prejudice with which contemporary opponents succeeded in obscuring his merits and to set forth the real principles for which he stood. And he did stand for principles at a time when many of his more favored rivals acted from less worthy motives. No man understands this fact better than the author of this volume, and in his failure to perform adequately the task he has undertaken he has neglected an opportunity the like of which seldom comes to a writer of history. It would have been worth while, also, to have completed in a manner befitting the subject a history of the American Revolution written by a sympathetic Englishman. Indeed he errs, if at all, on the side of sympathizing too much.

But we have in this, the first of two volumes which are to conclude both the author's history of the American Revolution and his life of Fox, a disconnected narrative which does justice to neither subject. Like most things its author has written, the book is readable and interesting. Being familiar with eighteenth century memoirs, he writes of the manners and customs of the ruling classes of that time with a sure and delicate touch. But the book is apparently based on wide reading extending over a long period of time rather than on thorough research made expressly for the task in hand. Furthermore, the author has unfortunately permitted his personal feelings to influence him in giving his estimates of character, so that what might have been a

useful part of his work becomes instead merely interesting because it expresses the opinions and is put in the apt phraseology of Sir George Trevelyan. One of the best examples of this fault is the first chapter, which deals with the closing scenes in the life of Lord Chatham. But in spite of these defects the book is interesting and worth reading. The pity is that it is not as authoritative and accurate as it is interesting.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By C. H. Conrad Wright. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1912,—xiv, 964 pp.

This new history of French literature, containing almost a thousand pages of compact statement, is a pleasing indication of the progress of the study of French writers in America. Dignified and sober in appearance and tone, it appeals to students and readers who wish to have in hand a comprehensive survey of French literature, from the time of the *Serment de Strasbourg* in 843 till today. Professor Wright has given us a scholarly resumé of the results of the immense activity of historians and critics in the field of French letters. Inevitably one is tempted to ask how his work compares with the *Manuel* of Gustave Lanson, probably the most successful effort to critically appraise a national literature on the part of a single critic and within a single volume. Professor Lanson writes for French readers to whom a vast deal of the history of their country's literature is already familiar by the time they take up his work. Hence he has been free to emphasize the critical history of ideas and their expression as parts of a vast organic process, without encumbering the narrative unduly with biographical and historical details. The historian, writing for foreign, not to say trans-Atlantic students, cannot presume such knowledge on their part. As he approaches the more philosophical problems of his theme, he is forced to remember that the philosophy of history must rest on a sound basis of tangible facts. So far as continuity of argument is concerned, this is a heavy handicap. Narrative must yield to compilation. Biographical and historical details claim the space that the critic would gladly give to philosophical appraisal. Hence, the result is not so much a book to be read, as a manual to be consulted when reading individual authors or critical discussions of special

topics. Here this book will fill a distinct place for the use of English readers. Written for them, and keeping in mind their special needs, it offers a more complete and thoroughgoing summary of the history of French literature than any work that has yet appeared. And one's confidence in the book is increased by finding allusions to some of the latest results of modern scholarship. One would hardly expect to find the "pilgrim" theory of the origin and development of the French epic in the body of the work, but the foot-note is there to suggest that the older theory presented in the text has been challenged.

There are, however, some authors of large importance that claim more space than a mere chronology, bibliography, and classification. In treating them the historian can embody some more personal expression in his narrative. In treating Rabelais, for instance, Professor Wright has written a nine page essay that has the merit of presenting rationally and judiciously this sixteenth century *bourgeois* as the expression of "the spirit of the sturdy, prosaic, practical, nimble-witted middle-class Frenchman, quick to detect shams and turn them inside out". Such chapters as this are more than informing, they are readable. In the case of Molière, the method chosen, perhaps with reason, of discussing briefly the history and animus of the numerous plays in chronological succession, does not give so successfully a "portrait" of that seventeenth-century author in whom this same spirit becomes national rather than *bourgeois*.

In the closing chapter on the twentieth century the author discusses such themes as the Dreyfus affair, the philosophy of Bergson, the religious controversy raised by Loisy, and the criticism of Lanson. This broad point of view which makes literature but a part, and one means of expression, of national life is not only sound and scholarly,—it enables the student to seize those tangible forces that are at work and which time has not yet permitted to stand out clearly from the pages of a literature that is a battlefield of social and philosophical agitation.

The work concludes with a catalogue of contemporary authors arranged in alphabetical order. Naturally the discussions are of the briefest, but such a catalogue is serviceable and convenient. Its catholicity is seen when one catches at a glance the names: Le Roy, Loisy, Loti. In treating contemporary literature Professor Wright expresses frankly his preference for "classic" writ-

ing. Perhaps this perfectly admissible preference leads him to react at times rather too sharply from recent writers to present them with sympathy. And when he objects to the extreme realism, sensuality, or freedom of speech of numerous strong writers, one naturally turns to see what treatment he will give Bazin. Perhaps he speaks truly in saying that some of the novels of Bazin "verge on the namby-pamby", but is it just to make that criticism when the impression is merely corrected by the statement that *La Terre qui meurt* is "one of the best works of contemporary French fiction"? When one is told that Bazin "has treated tragedies as great as those of the naturalists without overstepping reserve", one feels that something more is due a man who has commanded the hearts of French readers and stirred truly national sentiments in an era of revolt and anti-religious propaganda, while remaining an avowed, yes even submissive, Catholic.

ALBERT M. WEBB.

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNG MEN. Translated from the Old German Text. By Arthur S. Way, D. Lit. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1911,—xxi, 325 pp.

The trend of education today in most parts of our country is, unfortunately, too practical and utilitarian, and consequently fewer and fewer students in proportion come to know at first hand those enduring monuments of human achievement in literature that are left to us in languages no longer used. But for translations, therefore, even the greater part of college-bred men today would have to remain in ignorance of the best known and most widely valued poem of the world. And that with such ignorance a priceless inheritance is lost to them cannot be doubted. But Homer's spirit and influence so saturate modern literature that they come, though weakened, nevertheless to us. Not so, however, with many poets of lesser, though still great, cultural value. Now we speak and hear much of the past ages, but the spirit and ethical import of those ages can come to us only out of the spiritual creations of the greatest men of those times and they escape our observation and hence our grasping because we fail to make use of the art and literature that gave them to us. And thus it is with such a poem as the famous *Nibelungenlied*. The obsolete forms and language in which it is contained lock its spirit from the greater part of even honest students of its time.

And hence there is sadly wanting a great, or even good, translation of it into modern English. Such an attempt as that by Mr. Way is therefore to be welcomed. He has had considerable experience as a translator, and this experience has stood him in good stead in this his latest venture. The volume is of course most attractively printed and bound by the Cambridge University Press.

The *Lied* has been so long the subject of intensive study by scholars in Germany and elsewhere that little can be offered about it that is new. But Mr. Way's introduction gives in brief space all that is needed to make an intelligent reading of the poem possible, and points out the unsolved problems about its history and subject-matter. Thus, he discusses briefly the mythical and historical elements of the poem, traces the origin and spread of the saga of the Nibelungen, the transformations in personages and localities, and suggests the value of comparisons of the Icelandic with the southern version. There follow a discussion of the characters of the poem and a brief characterization of the hypothesized and extant manuscripts. The translation itself is based on the well known Bartsch text, but includes the strophes of manuscript C which are not found in Bartsch. Consequently his translation accords in substance with the popular Simrock version in modern German.

The well known four line strophe of the *Lied* is abandoned by Mr. Way on the ground that such a scheme ill fits an epic, and that it was probably adopted only to suit the exigencies of the recitation of the poem. Naturally, therefore, he has dropped the two extra syllables of every fourth line, which peculiarity in the four line strophe constitutes the metrical characteristic of the poem. To one familiar with the *Nibelungenlied* in its original dress such departures are hard, well nigh impossible, to accept. It looks in Mr. Way's version strange and reads queer. While, to be sure, the essence of a poem lies in its spirit rather than its structure, there is undeniably so close a union between form and content as forged together by the poet that only a rash man, with perhaps not the most intimate feeling for the original, would dare to attempt to sever them. The reviewer feels that Simrock's translation is to be preferred to Mr. Way's, and largely because Simrock adheres to the old form. Favorite passages of the great old poem read in Mr. Way's translation like only faint echoes and irritate an ear accustomed to the original.

But not too much should be made of this point. To one ignorant of Goethe's *Faust*, Taylor's translation seems not so bad, while it is weakness in the extreme to the same man once he has read the poem in its original. I doubt if we should recognize our Omar if we could read the Persian of the old poet, but Fitzgerald's translation is nevertheless admirable. And Mr. Way has succeeded in giving English readers the opportunity to know the old poem of unknown authorship better than they could otherwise know it. The mere verbal translation was not difficult, for the poem is easy to read in the original form—easier, for example, to readers of modern German than is Chaucer to us. The main task, therefore, lay in poetic reproduction after a sensible introduction; and this task Mr. Way has performed in a manner to merit the thanks of modern readers unacquainted with the original. For others he did not undertake his work.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

THE STORY OF COTTON AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COTTON STATES.

By Eugene Clyde Brooks. Illustrated. Rand, McNally and Company: Chicago and New York, 1911,—x, 370 pp.

Professor Brooks is a believer in the dominating influence of economic forces in shaping the world's history. In this compact volume he tells the story of the great cotton industry which, growing out of man's need for clothing, has profoundly affected the history of our own country and its relations with other countries. The author begins with a discussion of "Clothing and the Value of Cotton." He then adduces much interesting information with regard to the earliest historical records of the cotton plant and of the making of cotton fabrics, and shows how cotton and cotton cloth came to be introduced into Europe. The body of the volume is concerned with the history of cotton culture and manufacture in the United States and with the manifold ways in which the industry has affected our political and social organization and life.

Although, in his preface, Professor Brooks modestly speaks of his book as finding a place in the grammar schools or in the high schools, it ought to find many interested readers among the adult citizens of the cotton states and of the country. It certainly will attract one who gets his living in any branch of the cotton in-

dustry, and give him a new sense of the significance of his individual efforts as a member of a great and complex branch of the world's industrial organization. To the school-boy or girl this story should suggest ideas which will give new meaning to the work in history, geography, botany and other branches. The author's style is simple and readable, and graphic descriptions are supplemented by a wealth of well chosen illustrations.

While Professor Brooks tells in detail the story of cotton growing and manufacturing, one does not find a similar account of the processes by which the cotton crop is marketed and of the part that cotton brokers and cotton exchanges play in this work. This matter of the forces that affect the price of cotton is certainly one of great importance and might well have been made the subject of a chapter. Combinations of growers in the effort to secure better prices have at times been organized, and low prices or the reverse have had important political and social effects. There is appended to the volume a bibliography which is helpful, though it does not pretend to be exhaustive. The place and date of publication of the works mentioned should be included. The reader would also have profited by an index and list of the illustrations.

Such comments as these, however, leave untouched the substantial merits of the book. Fortunate will be the boys and girls in whose hands shall be placed so readable, informing, and thought stimulating a work.

W. H. G.

PENAL SERVITUDE. By E. Stagg Whitin, General Secretary National Committee on Prison Labor. Illustrated. New York: National Committee on Prison Labor, 1912,—xiii, 162 pp.

The problem of the employment of convicts with proper regard for their welfare and without injurious competition with free labor is one of great importance and also of especial difficulty. After investigation and study of the subject the National Committee on Prison Labor declares the contract system of prison labor "prejudicial to the welfare of the prisoner, the prisoner's family, and the public." The Committee finds "the preponderance of evidence to be in favor of the state use system." In the volume under review much of the material gathered by the Committee is published, and the findings are contained in summary.

Dr. Whitin, the Secretary of the Committee, has evidently made

a special effort to render the volume readable and to give it human interest. Many of the chapters are stories from prison life, true in all but the names. Illustrations and charts add much to the text. Appendices contain extracts from governors' messages and a compilation of recent state legislation on the subject of prison labor. The work should be of great service both for the valuable information it contains for those engaged in prison administration and for the effective way in which it enforces the necessity for reforms in the community's treatment of the convict.

SALESWOMEN IN MERCANTILE STORES. Baltimore, 1909. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. Illustrated. New York: Charities Publication Committee, 1912,—xv, 217 pp. \$1.08, cloth; \$.75, paper.

This is an investigation of the conditions under which women work in the mercantile stores of Baltimore. Mercantile establishments employ a large proportion of the women wage earners of the country. Baltimore, where the stores are not yet so highly organized as those of Chicago and New York, was selected as an especially good field for such a study. The result is an accurate and illuminating presentation of conditions in 1909 in that city, which should be read widely by managers of mercantile establishments and by those interested in the welfare of working-women.

Miss Butler contends that the personal efficiency of the saleswomen, as much as the quality of the goods, determines the number and value of the sales. To secure and keep at its maximum this personal efficiency involves the conservation of the health and interest of employees, and "is intimately connected with the interior arrangements of the store, the hours and seasons of work, the range of wages, and the opportunity for advancement." All these conditions directly or indirectly influence the attitude which saleswomen take toward their occupation and toward their customers. Consequently working conditions largely affect the success of mercantile establishments and are not only of personal importance to the working-women but of commercial importance to their employers.

WOODROW WILSON. *A Story of His Life*. By William Bayard Hale. New York: Doubleday, Page, and Company, 1912,—233 pp. Paper.

This brief and well printed volume makes an excellent campaign biography of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Hale is an admiring biographer; he writes of his subject with sympathy and enthusiasm. His story holds the interest until the last chapter, entitled "The Presidency Looms Up." The keynote of the volume is found in the portrayal of Governor Wilson as a staunch democrat leading the fight against privilege both in university and in political life. As a campaign biography Mr. Hale's book is well calculated to strengthen the faith of readers who are already for the New Jersey governor and to win converts to his cause from the ranks of the undecided.

THE HISTORY AND PROBLEMS OF ORGANIZED LABOR. By Frank Tracy Carlton. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company, 1911,—xi, 483 pp.

Though Professor Carlton's book gives us an excellent sketch of the development of American labor organizations, it is not confined to problems of organized labor. It deals with many problems affecting all labor, including such subjects as child labor, prison labor, the labor of women, the sweated industries, immigration, unemployment, and industrial education. Mr. Carlton has drawn upon a great deal of fresh material and has appended numerous helpful references at the end of his chapters. Especially noteworthy and valuable is the long chapter on the government and policies of labor organizations.

The brief footnote on page 178 seems to fall short of giving the exact import of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the appeal of Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison in the Buck Stove contempt case. Though the judgment of imprisonment in the original proceedings was set aside, the lower court has since retried and resentence the defendants in new proceedings arising from the same facts. Professor Carlton's note gives the impression that the prosecution was entirely defeated.

As a whole, Professor Carlton's book is a most commendable addition to the literature of labor problems. It will without doubt find a place of usefulness as a text book for college and university classes in the subject. In this field the freshness of the material used and the interest and ability of the discussion should give it a leading position.

THE RECORDING ANGEL. By Corra Harris. Illustrated by W. H. Everett. New York: Doubleday, Page, and Company, 1912,—331 pp.

In this Georgia tale the author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife" adds to her reputation as an observer and interpreter of women and as a student of human nature in general. The story is of one, Jim Bone, who returns successful from a period of western adventure to wake up his sleepy native town. We are treated to a deliciously humorous account of the men and women and social doings of the little community. There is a main love-making, in which Jim is concerned, and also entertaining side affairs. But, after all, in this story the plot is not the thing. The discerning reader finds a reward in Mrs. Harris's revelations of feminine psychology. Here there is much to make mere man ponder or chuckle—according to circumstances. The book furnishes fresh evidence of the unusual gifts of the author in accurately portraying types of life and character found in her native South.

THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH POST OFFICE. By J. C. Hemmeon. Harvard University: Cambridge, 1912,—xii, 261 pp.

Professor Hemmeon's survey of the development of the British Post Office and description of its different functions and activities make a timely volume (VII) in the Harvard Economic Studies. The American people are considering the advisability of extending the activities of their Post Office Department, and accurate information and careful conclusions regarding the conduct of this government business in England should certainly be in demand. The chapters on the British Postal Department's management of the telegraph and telephone service throw much light on the difficulties in the way of this branch of government enterprise. In view of the movement for parcels post service in the United States, the reader will naturally hope to find British experience fully set forth by Dr. Hemmeon. Here disappointment will be met, as the discussion of the subject is very brief. This is surprising in view of the fact that the treatment of some other topics seems overburdened with detail. In general, the monograph gives evidence of extensive and careful research.

